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REVIEW OF BOOKS.

A Narrative of the Shipwreck of the Oswego, on the Coast of South Barbary, and of the Sufferings of the Master and the Crew while in Bondage among the Arabs; interspersed with numerous Remarks upon the Country and its Inhabitants, and the peculiar Perils of that Coast. By Judah Paddock, her late Master. 4to. pp. 372. London. 1818.

THERE is scarcely any calamity more distressing in itself, or that excites more general interest and commiseration than that of shipwreck; even when it occurs on our coast, and the miseries of the survivors are soothed and relieved by every kindness that hospitality can afford, which, however, we regret to say, is not always the case: how much more distressing must it then be when it takes place on a savage coast, where the parties are only spared from a watery grave to endure all the miseries of famine and fatigue, where there is an equal dread of perishing with hunger, and of falling into the hands of cannibals, and where the poor victims have, in addition to all their miseries, to endure the lashes of bands of barbarians, and to anticipate nothing but a life of slavery or a death of torture.

Our readers are well acquainted with the interesting volume of Captain Riley, of Connecticut, in North America, who, a short time since, was shipwrecked on the coast of Africa. The introduction to the present Narrative states it to have been written to oblige Captain Riley, who requested it as an Appendix to his own; it is, however, necessary to observe, that it relates to a circumstance long prior to that of Captain Riley, and is, therefore, an account of sufferings in a similar situation, and corroborative of the manners, customs, and conduct of the natives of the coasts of Barbary. There is nothing in Mr. Paddock's Narrative either so marvellous or inconsistent as to have rendered it necessary for him to prefix certificates of his good character, especially as the work bears very satisfactory internal evidence of its truth, and is written

with a degree of modesty (not peculiar to the Americans) which every person must admire. Mr. Paddock is a Member of the Society of Friends.

The ship *Oswego*, of Hudson, four years old, and of two hundred and sixty tons burden, left New York with a cargo of flax, seed, and staves, on the 8th of January, 1800. She was navigated by thirteen men, including boys, one of the latter being a nephew of the master's; there were also among the crew, two Blacks, two Danes, and two Swedes. The vessel reached Cork, for which she was bound, in twenty-four days: after remaining there a few days, the master determined on going in ballast to the Cape de Verd Islands, and there take in a load of salt, skins, &c. for New York. While the ship was preparing for the voyage, Mr. Paddock collected about twelve hundred Spanish dollars and six hundred dollars in gold, which he packed in a small keg and put in the middle of a barrel of beef, lest they should be unfortunate enough to fall in with an enemy.

During their stay at Cork, a worthless Irishman, whose crimes in the recent rebellion rendered his remaining longer in the country dangerous, was, on account of his entreaties, and the wretchedness in which he appeared, taken on board and admitted as cook; to this fellow, whose name was Pat or Patrick, much of their future misery was owing. On the 22nd of March, the vessel put to sea; nothing material happened during the first six days of the voyage, when, meeting with a British frigate, from the captain of which they learned that they had somewhat mistaken their reckoning, the *Oswego* then shaped her course for Madeira, and soon got in the latitude of that island; on the 2nd of April, they saw no appearance of land, being then between the latitudes of Madeira and Teneriffe, in which course they continued all the day: on the evening of the next day, the master being much fatigued, lay down with his clothes on and unexpectedly fell asleep, but was soon awake at the sound from striking four bells, the vessel being in danger, which Mr. P. thus states:—

"The first thought that struck me, was

of a man being overboard. Before getting out of the gangway, I distinctly heard those forward crying out, 'breakers! breakers! right a head!' and several of the crew were running aft. I saw nothing, nor did I look forward, but ran to the helm to put it up—too late, for it was hard down, or nearly so. I put my hand on the tiller-head and bore it hard to the rail, when, in a moment, the ship flew to head to the wind, our yards being a little pointed or braced. By this time, all hands were on the deck, and a number aft, to haul round the after yards. We were on the point of hauling, when I discovered her to fall off: at that moment we hauled up the mizzen; she having such quick sternway with the helm yet down, the main or mizzen top-sail kept shivering or edging to the wind; the jib and forestay sail-sheets being hauled flat, she fell off remarkably quick, every man using his greatest exertions. When she began to gather head-way, the helm righted with the wind at least two points from the starboard quarter, wanting not more than once her length of coming round, heading off shore. At that moment she struck tremendously heavy; all the cabin windows came in and part of the sea came over the taffle rail. She struck twice more in the hollow of the two next seas, and floated, running perhaps three or four times her length, and struck again, and stopped, with every sea breaking over us; no land in sight, and we seemingly swallowed up by the raging ocean foaming terribly all around us. Her stern soon drove round, so as to bring the sea on our beam, and at every thump she rolled off with her gunwale near to the water. By this time we saw the land at no great distance from us."—p. 12-13.

As soon as the crew had recovered from their fright, some of them were employed to "go into the hole and shovel the ballast inshore to prevent her rolling off," which was effected, notwithstanding every sea rolled some part of it on deck, and she filled rapidly with water; their situation is thus pathetically described:—

"Pause a moment, reader, and reflect upon our condition; surrounded with foaming billows, every surge threatening us with destruction, the roaring of the surf and the noise of the cracking ship so loud that we could scarcely hear any thing else; there seemed nothing but death before us."

It was now about midnight, when the

crew, contrary to the wishes of the master, determined on going a-shore, although cautioned that they were wrecked on the coast of Barbary, and that, by remaining on board, they might soon fit their long-boat, which was very large and new, with a temporary deck, and in it get to the Canaries or some other place: this reasoning had a good effect, but soon a new proposition came from the crew, which was to cut away the masts; this was opposed by the master, but necessity at length obliged him to consent; but, before it was accomplished, the crew determined on taking the boat and going on shore, and so great was their haste in doing it, that they neither took water nor provisions along with them; with some difficulty they reached the rocks and hauled the boat as far up as possible; they then crawled over the slippery rocks, from ten to twelve feet high, to a sand-bed, a little beyond which appeared a hill, about one hundred feet in height; having wrung the water from their clothes, the master and two mates ascended this sand-hill, and then returned to the rest of the men who had forgotten their cares in sleep:—

“On the morning of the 4th of April, as soon as the day began to dawn, I ascended the high mountain of sand, and there remained till near sun-rise. What could I see? A barren sand, without either tree or shrub, or the least appearance of vegetation; dreary in every respect; and at a distance back, a long range of mountains extending east and west; turning my view towards the ocean, and beholding the ship lying in the surf with her sails aloft, while thirteen of my shipmates were standing before my eyes; the sight was too distressing for me to bear; I laid myself down on the sand, and gave vent to my grief by a flow of tears.”—p. 20.

The crew were, by this time, sensible of their error in quitting the ship, and their first object was to get back to it for a supply of provisions and water, and materials for repairing the long-boat, which had been much shattered on the rocks: several of the crew attempted to swim to the vessel, but failed, and Sam, one of the Blacks, was so much exhausted, that he sunk, and was only saved by the exertions of two or three who swam after him. A raft was now constructed, by lashing together some pieces of small spars and the lower yard of a heavy ship, which they found lying on shore, but finding it impossible to gain the ship thus, Mr. Paddock determined on trying to reach it by following the receding water as low as possible, and then darting through the breakers which alone pre-

vented the sailors from reaching it; but the mate proposed trying the experiment himself; accordingly he stripped, and in less than five minutes was at the ship.

As soon as he had quenched his burning thirst, he made the deep sea line fast to an oar, and darted it ashore, which served as a hauling line for three more to get off by; by means of a whale line, a quantity of provisions, amounting to forty pounds of bread, a small quantity of potatoes and onions, and a bag of Indian corn, with clothes, beds, &c. were safely landed. A quantity of water in kegs, and, unfortunately, as it afterwards proved, a case of spirits and a hamper of port wine and porter were also brought on shore. Having erected a tent and made a good supper, at eight o'clock they set the watch, who were to be relieved every two hours, concluding to begin early in the morning and land every thing necessary for repairing the boat, which in two days might be rendered fit for their departure.

Anxious to know whether there were any inhabitants in the neighbourhood, two men were despatched, one westward, to a place which the master thought to be Cape Nun, but from the best calculations he was subsequently enabled to make, they must have been wrecked on a cape marked Cape Sabe, near the latitude $27^{\circ} 50'$. In the evening, the man who had been sent westward returned, and told the master, that at the cape, about twelve miles distant, he saw a heap of human bones, and near them a fire had been made, within a few days; this news was of too melancholy a nature to be told the crew, and Mr. Paddock succeeded in getting the man to conceal it; nearly all the parts of a vessel, which appeared to have been recently wrecked, were found on the coast, but all the iron taken from it.

At dawn of day, on the sixth, no person was found on the watch; Pat and the Dane, who had been called at twelve, to watch till two, having got drunk, and neglected to call the next watch; this induced Mr. Paddock to destroy the remainder of the spirits, &c. to prevent such an occurrence in future, whilst the crew were with much difficulty restrained from giving the delinquents corporal punishment: what rendered their conduct still more vexatious was, the discovery that two men had been near their tent in the night, as they were able to trace their footsteps; it, therefore, was no longer safe to remain, and they decided on burying their muskets, powder, and shot, making knapsacks, and endeavouring to gain Santa

Cruz, which they calculated to be one hundred and eighty miles distant. By this time, the man who had been sent eastward, and was given up for lost, returned, having walked a distance of fifty miles, over sand-hills, without seeing any human being, except a man with a camel, travelling westward.

The sailors having apportioned the baggage amongst themselves, and that of their master, he concluded to carry his umbrella and spy-glass, and a copper tea-kettle full of water, to be first used; his pockets were stored with chocolate and sugar; Mr. Paddock also changed his clothes, put on a pair of fine worsted stockings, corderoy pantaloons, half-boots, linen shirt, and neckhandkerchief, all new, a silk vest, a superfine broad cloth coat, and a new beaver hat; a gold watch, and six hundred dollars in gold were not forgotten. The rest of his clothing was given to the crew. Blackman, Jack, had previously taken some fine shirts into his pack for his master, without his knowledge or direction, and seeing two pieces of *tabanet*, which Mr. P. had bought in Ireland, for his wife, about to be left, he seized hold of them, saying, “*Master, my mistress shall wear these gowns yet; she shall master, depend on it, they are too pretty to leave here;*” and singular, as it may appear, Jack’s declarations were realized.

Having put corn and water for the hog which they had brought on shore, they hoisted an ensign on the hill, and departed “under flying colours,” agreeing, that in case they were separated, they should say they were Englishmen, and belonged to the Oswego, from Liverpool; the reason of this was obvious: the English had a considerable trade on that coast, particularly at Mogadore and Santa Cruz, whilst the Americans were totally unknown. After travelling over mountains of sand, exposed to a burning sun, and the reflection of its rays from the burning sands, towards evening they reached a cave, into which they all entered, and passed the night. The next day, the seventh, they again set forward, ascending the rock under which they slept; at eight o'clock they breakfasted on a little dry bread, and each man a tumbler of water from the tea-kettle; at a distance of about two miles, they thought there was a pond, and two men were despatched to it; but it proved to be a bed of salt of nearly a mile in diameter; the travelling was very bad, owing to sharp rocks and small steep sand-hills, which occasioned the breaking of several bottles of water. A town now presented itself at a short distance, and Mr. Paddock proposed to his men to sit down whilst he went for-

ward; it was found to consist of "a cluster of houses, from twenty to thirty in number, and from ten to twenty feet square, without roofs, each having a door-way on the south side, indifferently well built without mortar." A signal was now made for the crew who came with all speed, and, walking round the buildings, they discovered several casks of about one hundred gallons each, which appeared to have been French brandy casks, and in one of them was a large quantity of human hair. Being within a hundred yards of the sea, and a fine bay presenting itself, they all went and bathed, which refreshed them much.

They were now about forty miles from the ship, and Mr. Paddock and one of the men being a little behind, discovered a pile of human bones, which disconcerted them very much, as they feared they were amongst cannibals. At the dusk of the evening, several wild beasts were seen, but they could not make out of what kind they were. A place for rest having been sought out, each took a piece of bread and a small quantity of water, and, after setting the watch, they lay down to sleep, but were awoken by the Dane and Pat quarrelling about a bottle of gin, which the latter had secreted in his pack; they had also robbed the general stock of two bottles of water, and again got so drunk, that it was with great difficulty they could proceed with them next morning.

Discontent again appeared among the crew, and the same man who had been spokesman on the former occasion said to Mr. P., "we have been now three days since leaving the wreck; we get along very slow, and in a very few days our water will all be spent, and then it will be too late to go back to the wreck, where there is plenty of it; and we are determined to go no farther." Remonstrance was vain, and it was at length agreed that they should all go back, and use every exertion to prepare the boat for sailing, whilst Mr. Paddock would go forward, and if he found people friendly, hire camels and send for them; the two Blacks would not quit their master, and Pat was suffered to accompany him also, not from choice but humanity, as the crew would certainly have killed him. The provisions and water were divided, those who were going forward being allowed the larger share, viz. twenty bottles of water and a full share of bread, and all things being arranged, they separated. "The expressions of every man, on this trying occasion," says our author, "can never be erased from my memory as long as my senses shall remain. Tears gushed

from every eye; some of us could hardly articulate the word *farewell*. We shook hands with each other, and all moved, in a silent procession, at the same signal, which was *go on*."

(To be continued.)

Felix Alvarez; or, Manners in Spain: containing Descriptive Accounts of some of the Prominent Events of the late Peninsular War; and Authentic Anecdotes, illustrative of the Spanish Character; interspersed with Pieces of Poetry, original, and from the Spanish. By R. C. Dallas, Esq. 12mo. 3 vols. pp. 838.

THIS is a work of no ordinary interest and information. Attached to the British army, under General Graham, (since created Lord Lynedoch, for his distinguished services in Spain,) Mr. Dallas followed him through the whole of the war in Spain, &c., and thus had opportunities of inspecting the Spanish character, which do not fall to the lot of every traveller. The various authentic, historical, and other anecdotes, which our author has thus collected, he has clothed in the garb of fiction, but so agreeably, and with such truth to nature, that we imagine ourselves to be reading the memoirs of an individual actually present at the transactions related.

As want of room prevents us from analysing the fable of this work, we shall only give one or two extracts concerning particular circumstances, which, we believe, are not known to the generality of readers; and shall dismiss Mr. Dallas's volumes with our cordial recommendation, as agreeable companions for the parlour window, and infinitely preferable to most of those exaggerated representations of life with which the press teems at the present day.

Our first extract relates to the bombardment of Cadiz, concerning which various erroneous statements were circulated at the time. The French besieging army finding that the shells cast by the common mortars did not produce sufficient effect, others were cast at the royal cannon-foundry at Seville, carried down the Guadalquivir, and, from its mouth, transported, with immense labour, to the Napoleon Battery, which was the nearest point to Cadiz, but at a distance of more than *six thousand yards* from it. The shells thrown from these mortars reach over two-thirds of the city*. Their effects are thus described:—

* The vast powers of these extraordinary mortars are well known to every one, especially since the one presented to the Prince Regent, has been placed in St. James's Park.

"The shells that were dispatched from the enormous mortars, which had been cast by French ingenuity in the magnificent foundry for cannon at Seville, paid their first alarming visits to the miserable inhabitants of the Barrio de Santa Maria*. The range, however, was gradually extended over the Barrio de San Carlos; and the Plaza de San Antonio and the Campo Santo were shortly afterwards included, leaving but a comparatively small portion of the city free from danger. The danger in itself was trifling, as the result of four months' bombardment proved †; for the shells were small, and were filled with lead instead of combustible matter, to give them sufficient weight to carry them the distance they were to go. Those, therefore, which burst, rather broke in pieces from the concussion of their fall, than from the operation of the fuses, which, besides, were generally lost in the way. But they produced at first the effect intended by the besiegers, though not in the degree they hoped for. They created an alarm amongst the inhabitants: such as were rich enough took their families to the Isla, which speedily overflowed with these frightened emigrants. The meanest rooms in the remote corner of the city, which had been hitherto unattained by these fearful messengers of death, were hired at the most exorbitant prices, and the vaults under the Muralla, which were bomb-proof, and which served as public magazines, were opened every night for the reception of such as had interest enough to obtain admittance.

"But it was wonderful to see how soon the generality of the inhabitants became familiarized to the horrid hissing of these winged deaths. The little effect which they produced, and the smallness of the number who suffered from their fall, almost reconciled the Gaditanos‡ to the noise of their approach. The admirable precautions adopted by the authorities, contributed in a great measure to this end. It has already been remarked, that the houses in Cadiz were very generally surmounted by high towers, to support which, the walls on the side where the "torres" are erected, are of excessive thickness. It was soon found that these walls were sufficiently strong to resist even the accelerated force with which the shells fell; and the governor lost no time in publishing a list of the streets where these supporting parapets ran in a direction across the course of the shells, affording consequently a defence from them. With these every inhabitant became soon acquainted; and as the shell, with its comparatively slow motion, required upwards of a minute to perform its lengthened journey, men were stationed in two of the principal steeples

* "Barrio is a civil division of the city, unconnected with the ecclesiastical one into parroquias, or parishes. The Barrio de San Carlos is the St. James's, and the Barrio de Santa Maria the St. Giles's, of Cadiz."

† "The number of people killed and wounded in and about Cadiz, during the four months of bombardment amounted to *fifty-four*."

‡ Citizens of Cadiz.—Rev.

of the city*, whose glasses enabled them to obtain the earliest information of the discharge of the well-known mortars, from the smoke which accompanied it: this event was instantly announced to the city by a single stroke on an enormous bell, at which solemn sound, every individual sought safety in the defence of the nearest supporting wall which occurred to his mind. The silent pause which every where followed the awful bell, was only interrupted by the tremendous voice of the engine of destruction, as it approached with increasing rapidity; and the cessation of this stunning sound, produced from every pious Spaniard an exclamation of thanksgiving, accompanied by a hasty sign of the cross."

In a note, Mr. Dallas communicates an anecdote relative to this manner of giving warning of the approach of the shells, which is worthy of being recorded:

"The man who was placed in the steeple of the church of San Francisco, to announce the danger, as soon as he saw the smoke issuing from the Napoleon Battery, where the mortars were placed, tolled the bell. The shell, of whose approach he gave warning, struck the steeple and took away part of the wall of the small belfry, where he was placed. The man, however, knew that they never fired off one mortar until they had prepared two, and he was so little affected by the danger of his situation, or by the dreadful engine that had passed so near him, and he was so much on the alert, that in less than the space of half a minute, he perceived the fellow shell, and gave his accustomed warning, by again tolling the bell, which had escaped uninjured. This brings to mind the well-known anecdote of Charles XII. and his secretary; and certainly the watchman at San Francisco displayed as much calm and steady courage as the hero of Sweden."

The following accounts of the manner in which the French acquired possession of the fortifications and citadel of San Sebastian, and also of Pamplona, are new to us. They afford striking exemplifications of the principle of warfare upon which the French acted:—

"The general commanding a column of the French, quartered near Tolosa, applied for, and received permission from the Spanish commander of the garrison of San Sebastian, to send the sick of his army, which he represented as being numerous, into that town, for the benefit of commodious hospitals and sea air. In consequence of this permission, upwards of two thousand men were admitted into the town, and lodged in the hospitals. They came in waggons and vehicles of various kinds, with bandages applied to different parts of their bodies; some with their heads wrapped up, others with their

arms supported by slings, and all having the appearance of sickness and debility. The Spanish authorities offered every accommodation to the sick allies; in which character the French then appeared to stand towards Spain, and were forward in lending assistance to every plan for their relief and comfort. They had not been many days in the town, before the chief surgeon reported to the governor of the town, that he had about five hundred cases of extreme debility, which might receive considerable benefit from the higher and purer air of the citadel, requesting to know whether they might be placed there for this purpose. The unsuspecting governor readily consented to a proposal so evidently founded in reason and humanity; hoping that the poor men might profit by the arrangement, he ordered a temporary hospital to be prepared for them in the citadel, to which they were shortly removed. Thus far the success of the French had kept pace with the infamy and treachery of their plot; disguise was no longer necessary, and one morning before day-light, these poor debilitated dying men issued from the hospitals, where the generosity and humanity of their victims had placed them, and found very little difficulty in taking possession of every part of the fortifications of the town as well as the citadel, before the astonished and bewildered garrison were aware of their intentions, or prepared to receive them as enemies. When morning dawned, the inhabitants found themselves under the guard of their perfidious allies, whom, in spite of the circumstances that had been passing in the capital, they had not yet looked upon but as friends."

"A more important post had at the same time been entrapped into the hands of these lawless ravagers. Pamplona had been lost to the Spaniards by a stratagem in some degree similar: the French troops, stationed in the villages around it, were allowed to come to receive the rations of provisions and forage which were supplied by the duped Spaniards out of the magazines of the city; to take away these supplies, a considerable number of men was necessary, and by degrees the numbers were increased, until one day, this large foraging party, in entering the town, appeared to amuse themselves by throwing snowballs at each other on the glacis; from the glacis the game gradually grew warm and extended into the town; other of their comrades, in apparent confusion, joined them as if to share their sport, and, upon these, others, some of whom brought their arms; but this circumstance was unattended to in the amusement excited by the now general sham battle of snow balls. By this means, a large body of men was introduced into the town, sufficient to seize upon the guards at the gates, and ensure a free entrance to the whole army, which rapidly advanced to complete this treacherous conquest."

"Among the various ways which the French invented to endeavour to legalise their gross impositions and robbing taxes, one of the most singular was a duty upon

deaths, which was actually established in Seville, a short time only before they were driven from the place. The plan was arranged in this manner; the old established parroquial fees upon funerals were taken off, and offices were appointed, where the relations of the deceased were obliged to apply for permission to have his body buried; for this permission they paid extravagantly, and without it no priest dare perform the sacred office. The priest afterwards, upon producing the permission, received a small sum, and the rest became the perquisite, or rather the plunder of the French."

Irish Melodies, &c. Vol. VII. 1818.

ALL the airs, in this new volume of the Irish Melodies, are described to be genuine ancient airs, and have received, as before, accompaniments from Sir John Stevenson. The words are by Mr. Thomas Moore, a gentleman who has written many exquisitely pretty things, but the sum of whose talents, judgment, and literary pursuits, we nevertheless hold in no very high respect. The following is a specimen of the songs in the present publication: and, had the world, now, for the first time, to become acquainted with the poetry of Mr. M., it would, we think, be received as agreeable enough; but surely the public must, by this time, be almost wearied of these *crambe repetitæ*; this endless ringing of the changes upon the same words, topics, sentiments, and forms of expression!

"THEY MAY RAIL AT THIS LIFE.

"AIR—*Rock bonin shin doe.*

"THEY may rail at this life—from the hour I began it,
I've found it a life full of kindness and bliss;
And until they can show me some happier planet,
More social and bright, I'll content me with this.
Long as the world has such eloquent eyes,
As before me this moment enraptur'd I see,
They may say what they will of their orbs in the skies,
But this earth is the planet for you, love, and me!

"In Mercury's star, where each minute can bring them
New sunshine and wit from the fountain on high,
Tho' the nymphs may have livelier poets* to sing them,
They're none, even the most enamour'd than I.
And, as long as this harp can be waken'd to love,
And that eye its divine inspiration shall be,

* "Tous les habitans de Mercure sont vifs."
—*Pluralité des Mondes.*

"La terre pourra être pour Venus l'étoile du berger, et la mère des amours, comme Venus l'est pour nous."—*Id.*

* "That of San Francisco, and that of San Augustine."

They may talk as they will of their Edens
above,
But this earth is the planet for you, love,
and me.

"In that star of the west, by whose shadowy
splendour,
At twilight so often we've roam'd through
the dew,
There are maidens, perhaps, who have bosoms
as tender,
And look, in their twilights, as lovely as you.
But tho' they were even more bright than the
green
Of that isle they inhabit in heaven-blue sea,
As I never these fair young celestials have seen,
Why—this earth is the planet for you, love,
and me !

"As for those chilly orbs, on the verge of crea-
tion,
Where sunshine and smiles must be equally
rare,
Did they want a supply of cold hearts for
that station,
Heav'n knows we have plenty on earth we
could spare !
Oh ! think what a world we should have of it
here,
If the haters of peace, of affection, and glee,
Were to fly up to Saturn's cold comfortless
sphere,
And leave earth to such spirits as you, love,
and me."

*A Year's Residence in the United States
of America, &c.* By William Cobbett.

(Continued from No. 25, p. 394.)

BEFORE we make any addition to the
remarks into which we have been led
above, we shall proceed to make our
readers acquainted with the whole con-
tents of Mr. C.'s book, and especially
with such parts of it as refer to the
United States; for, in fact, the selection
of such parts is a matter of some degree
of labour, Mr. C.'s thoughts running
so continually on England, its scenery,
inhabitants, and its politics, that even
while he writes, his "mind straggles
from his fingers," and his reader per-
petually finds himself, not as he is pre-
pared to be, in a foreign land, but in

— "the known, accustomed spot,
Dressed up with sun and shade, and herbs and
flowers."

England—England, still is the theme
which constantly returns upon him, and
of which, therefore, the examples were
endless. One of them immediately of-
fers itself to our pen:—

"My work was as well done, as if the
whole had been done by myself. My
planting was done chiefly by young
women, each of whom would plant half an
acre a-day, and this pay was tenpence ster-
ling a-day. What a shame, then, for any
man to shrink at the trouble and labour of
such a matter ! Nor, let it be imagined,
that these young women were poor, miser-
able, ragged, squalid creatures. They
were just the contrary. On a Sunday
they appeared in their white dresses, and
with silk umbrellas over their heads.

Their constant labour afforded the means
of dressing well, their early rising and ex-
ercise gave them health, their habitual
cleanliness and neatness, for which the
women of the south of England are so
justly famed, served to aid in the com-
pleting of their appearance, which was that
of fine rosy-cheeked country-girls, fit to be
the helpmates, not a burden, of their fu-
ture husbands."

Now, as we have seen something of
this sort in the northern parts of the
United States, and especially in Con-
necticut, where the *young ladies* work
themselves blind by weeding onions,
(but carefully covered for the sake of
their complexions,) and are, on Sundays,
and at visits, as well dressed as need be;
we thought, at a first glance at this pas-
sage, that its pleasing picture of rural
wealth and happiness had been drawn
in the United States, and was intended
to put England to the blush. But no !
all this was at Botley, in Hampshire,
and is only one of the many praises which
Mr. C. delights to pour upon the South
of England,—

"England, with all thy faults, I love thee
still !"

We are anxious to accompany Mr.
C., in his remarks on the United States,
but already, in the third page of his
diary, he digresses largely into English
descriptions:—

"There is one great draw-back to
all these beauties, namely, the fences;
and, indeed, there is another with us
South of England people; namely, the
general (for there are many exceptions)
slovenliness about the homesteads, and
particularly about the dwellings of la-
bourers. Mr. Birkbeck complains of this;
and, indeed, what a contrast with the
homesteads and cottages which he left be-
hind him near that exemplary spot, Guild-
ford, in Surry ! Both blots are, however,
fully accounted for.

"The fences are of post and rail.
This arose, in the first place, from the
abundance of timber that men knew not
how to dispose of. It is now become an
affair of great expense in the populous parts
of the country; and, that it might, with
great advantage and perfect ease, be got
rid of, I shall clearly show in another part
of my work.

"The dwellings and gardens, and
little out-houses of labourers, which form
so striking a feature of beauty in England,
and especially in Kent, Sussex, Surry, and
Hampshire, and which constitute a sort of
fairy-land, when compared with those of
the labourers in France, are what I, for my
part, most feel the want of seeing upon
Long Island. Instead of the neat and
warm little cottage, the yard, cow-stable,
pig-sty, hen-house, all in miniature, and
the garden, nicely laid out and the paths
bordered with flowers, while the cottage
door is crowned with a garland of roses or
honey-suckle; instead of these, we here

see the labourer content with a shell of
boards, while all around him is as barren
as the sea-beach; though the natural
earth would send melons, the finest in the
world, creeping round his door, and
though there is no English shrub, or
flower, which will not grow and flourish
here. This want of attention in such
cases is hereditary from the first settlers.
They found land so plenty, that they
treated small spots with contempt. Be-
sides, the example of neatness was wanting.
There were no gentlemen's gardens, kept
as clean as drawing-rooms, with grass as
even as a carpet. From endeavouring to
imitate perfection, men arrive at medio-
crity; and, those who never have seen, or
heard of perfection, in these matters will
naturally be slovens.

"Yet, notwithstanding these blots, as I
deem them, the face of the country, in
summer, is very fine. From December
to May, there is not a speck of green. No
green grass and turnips, and wheat, and rye,
and rape, as in England. The frost comes
and sweeps all vegetation and verdant exist-
ence from the face of the earth. The
wheat and rye live; but they lose all their
verdure. Yet the state of things in June,
is, as to crops, and fruits, much about what
it is in England; for, when things do be-
gin to grow, they grow indeed; and the
general harvest for grain (what we call
corn) is a full month earlier than in the
South of England."

So, again, when our author reaches
Philadelphia:—

"The question eagerly put to me by
every one in Philadelphia, is: 'Don't
you think the city greatly improved?'
They seem to me to confound aug-
mentation with improvement. It always
was a fine city, since I first knew it; and
it is very greatly augmented. It has, I
believe, nearly doubled its extent and
number of houses since the year 1799.
But, after being, for so long a time, fami-
liar with London, every other place ap-
pears little. After living within a few
hundreds of yards of Westminster Hall
and the Abbey Church and the Bridge,
and looking from my own windows into
St. James's Park, all other buildings and
spots appear mean and insignificant. I
went to-day to see the house I formerly
occupied. How small ! it is always thus:
the words large and small are carried about
with us in our minds, and we forget real
dimensions. The idea, such as it was re-
ceived, remains during our absence from
the object. When I returned to England,
in 1800, after an absence from the country
parts of it, of sixteen years, the trees, the
hedges, even the parks and woods, seemed
so small ! It made me laugh to hear little
gutters, that I could jump over, called riv-
ers ! The Thames was but a "creek !" But,
when, in about a month after my arri-
val in London, I went to Farnham, the
place of my birth, what was my surprise !
Every thing was become so pitifully
small ! I had to cross, in my post-chaise,
the long and dreary heath of Bagshot.
Then, at the end of it, to mount a hill,

called Hungry Hill; and from that hill I knew that I should look down into the beautiful and fertile vale of Farnham. My heart fluttered with impatience, mixed with a sort of fear, to see all the scenes of my childhood; for I had learnt before, the death of my father and mother. There is a hill, not far from the town, called Crooksbury Hill, which rises up out of a flat, in the form of a cone, and is planted with Scotch fir-trees. Here I used to take the eggs and young ones of crows and magpies. This hill was a famous object in the neighbourhood. It served as the superlative degree of height. 'As high as Crooksbury Hill' meant with us, the utmost degree of height. Therefore, the first object that my eyes sought was this hill. I could not believe my eyes! Literally speaking, I, for a moment, thought the famous hill removed, and a little heap put in its stead; for I had seen, in New Brunswick, a single rock, or hill of solid rock, ten times as big, and four or five times as high! The post-boy, going down hill, and not a bad road, whisked me, in a few minutes to the Bush Inn, from the garden of which I could see the prodigious sand hill, where I had begun my gardening works. What a nothing! But now came rushing into my mind, all at once, my pretty little garden, my little blue smock-frock, my little nailed shoes, my pretty pigeons that I used to feed out of my hands, the last kind words and tears of my gentle and tender-hearted and affectionate mother! I hastened back into the room. If I had looked a moment longer, I should have dropped. When I came to reflect, what a change! I looked down at my dress. What a change! What scenes I had gone through! How altered my state! I had dined the day before at a secretary of state's, in company with Mr. Pitt, and had been waited upon by men in gaudy liveries! I had had nobody to assist me in the world. No teachers of any sort. Nobody to shelter me from the consequence of bad, and no one to counsel me to good, behaviour. I felt proud. The distinctions of rank, birth, and wealth, all became nothing in my eyes; and from that moment (less than a month after my arrival in England) I resolved never to bend before them."

What a deplorable place, by the way, and what a land of slavery and dejection for the poor, this England must be, in which all these things could befall Mr. Cobbett! But Mr. C. has not yet finished:—

"The Philadelphians are cleanly, a quality which they owe chiefly to the Quakers. But, after being long and recently familiar with the towns in Surrey and Hampshire, and especially with Guildford, Alton, and Southampton, no other towns appear clean and neat, not even Bath or Salisbury, which last is much about upon a par, in point of cleanliness, with Philadelphia; and Salisbury is deemed a very cleanly place. Blandford and Dorchester are clean; but, I have never yet seen any thing like the towns in

Surrey and Hampshire. If a Frenchman, born and bred, could be taken up and carried blindfold to Guildford, I wonder what his sensations would be, when he came to have the use of his sight! Every thing near Guildford seems to have received an influence from the town. Hedges, gates, stiles, gardens, houses inside and out, and the dresses of the people. The market day at Guildford is a perfect show of cleanliness. Not even a carter without a clean smock-frock and closely-shaven and clean-washed face. Well may Mr. Birkbeck, who came from this very spot, think the people dirty in the western country! I'll engage he finds more dirt upon the necks and faces of one family of his present neighbours, than he left behind him upon the skins of all the people in the three parishes of Guildford. However, he would not have found this to be the case in Pennsylvania, and especially, in those parts where the Quakers abound; and, I am told, that, in the New England States, the people are as cleanly and as neat as they are in England. The sweetest flowers, when they become putrid, stink the most; and, a nasty woman is the nastiest thing in nature."

And the following are the concluding paragraphs of his diary:—

"Let us, now, take a survey, or rather glance, at the face, which nature now wears. The grass begins to afford a good deal for sheep and for my grazing English pigs, and the cows and oxen get a little food from it. The pears, apples, and other fruit trees, have not made much progress in the swelling or bursting of their buds. The buds of the weeping-willow have *burst*, (for, in spite of that conceited ass, Mr. James Perry, to burst is a regular verb, and vulgar pedants only make it irregular), and those of a lilac, in a warm place, are almost burst, which is a great deal better than to say 'almost burst.' Oh, the coxcomb! As if an absolute pedagogue like him could injure me by his criticisms! And, as if an error like this, even if it had been one, could have any thing to do with my capacity for developing principles, and for simplifying things, which, in their nature, are of great complexity!—The oaks, which, in England, have now their sap in full flow, are here quite unmoved as yet. In the gardens, in general, there is nothing green, while, in England, they have broccoli to eat, early cabbages planted out, coleworts to eat, peas four or five inches high. Yet, we shall have green peas and loaved cabbages as soon as they will. We have sprouts from the cabbage stems preserved under cover; the Swedish turnip is giving me greens from bulbs planted out in March; and I have some broccoli too, just coming on for use. How I have got this broccoli I must explain in my Gardener's Guide; for write one I must. I never can leave this country without an attempt to make every farmer a gardener.—In the meat way, we have beef, mutton, bacon, fowls, a calf to kill in a fortnight's time, sucking pigs when we choose, lamb

nearly fit to kill; and all of our own breeding, or our own feeding. We kill an ox, send three quarters and the hide to market, and keep one quarter. Then a sheep, which we use in the same way. The bacon is always ready. Some fowls always fatting. Young ducks are just coming out to meet the green peas. Chickens (the earliest) as big as American partridges (misnamed quails), and ready for the asparagus, which is just coming out of the ground. Eggs, at all times, more than we can consume. And, if there be any one, who wants better fare than this, let the grumbling glutton come to that poverty, which Solomon has said shall be his lot. And, the great thing of all is, that here, every man, even every labourer, may live as well as this, if he will be sober and industrious.

"There are two things which I have not yet mentioned, and which are almost wholly wanting here, while they are so amply enjoyed in England. The *singing birds* and the *flowers*. Here are many birds in summer, and some of very beautiful plumage. There are some wild flowers, and some English flowers in the best gardens; but, generally speaking, they are birds without song, and flowers without smell. The linnet (more than a thousand of which I have heard warbling upon one scrubbed oak on the sand-hills in Surrey), the sky-lark, the goldfinch, the wood-lark, the nightingale, the bull-finch, the black-bird, the thrush, and all the rest of the singing tribe, are wanting in these beautiful woods and orchards of garlands. When these latter have dropped their bloom, all is gone in the flowery way. No shepherd's rose, no honey-suckle, none of that endless variety of beauties that decorate the hedges and the meadows in England. No daisies, no primroses, no cowslips, no blue-bells, no daffodils, which, as if it were not enough for them to charm the sight and the smell, must have names, too, to delight the ear. All these are wanting in America. Here are, indeed, birds, which bear the name of robin, blackbird, thrush, and goldfinch; but, alas! the thing at Westminster has in like manner, the *name* of parliament, and speaks the voice of the people, whom it pretends to represent, in much about the same degree that the black-bird here speaks the voice of its name-sake in England.

"Of health, I have not yet spoken, and though it will be a subject of remark in another part of my work, it is a matter of too deep interest to be wholly passed over here. In the first place, as to myself, I have always had excellent health; but, during a year, in England, I used to have a cold or two; a trifling sore throat; or something in that way. Here I have neither, though I was more than two months of the winter travelling about, and sleeping in different beds. My family have been more healthy than in England, though, indeed, there has seldom been any serious illness in it. We have had but one visit from any doctor. Thus much for the present, on this subject. I said,

in the second Register I sent home, that this climate was not so good as that of England. Experience, observation, a careful attention to real facts, have convinced me that it is, upon the whole, a better climate; though I tremble lest the tool of the boroughmongers should cite this as a new and most flagrant instance of inconsistency. England is my country, and to England I shall return. I like it best, and shall always like it best; but, then, in the word England, many things are included besides climate and soil and seasons, and eating and drinking."

Never, surely, was any man so *homesick* as Mr. Cobbett; and yet this man, fighting against all his individual feelings, labours earnestly, as a theorist, and as advising others, to encourage emigration to the United States:—

"My intending to return to England ought to deter no one from coming hither; because I was resolved, if I had life, to return, and I expressed that resolution before I came away. But, if there are good and virtuous men, who can do no good there, and who, by coming hither, can withdraw the fruits of their honest labour from the grasp of the borough tyrants, I am bound, if I speak of this country at all, to tell them the real truth; and this, as far as I have gone, I have now done."

The simple fact is, (and all parties are much obliged to him for the compliment,) that Mr. C. would send all the mere eaters and drinkers, (for whom no one has so profound a contempt as himself,) all the "*fruges consumere nati*,"

— "born
Only to eat up the corn;"

all the dullards, blockheads, and lubberheads,

"Fat souls, and ever grovelling on the ground;"

all that sigh for the flesh-pots of Egypt; all the hewers of wood and drawers of water; all that are not very keen in their intellect, nor very nice in their honour, nor very warm in their affections, to the United States of America, — but all those who are of a different mould, all the sharp fellows, all the *Cobbetts*, all that have Mr. C.'s notions of "allegiance," all who have the virtuous love of country, and a desire to assist its freedom and happiness: all who have an attachment to their fellow countrymen; all, "at any rate," who have a fond persuasion, perhaps, that they possess the talents requisite to being useful to them, have, at least, the lesson of Mr. C.'s example to stay at home! We have quoted the following sentence already; but it is so striking in its substance that we must take leave to present it once more:—

"My notions of allegiance to country,

my great and anxious desire to assist in the restoration of her freedom and happiness; my opinion that I possess, in some small degree, at any rate, the power to render such assistance; and, above all the other considerations, my unchangeable attachment to the people of England, and especially those who have so bravely struggled for our rights: these bind me to England; but I shall leave others to judge and to act for themselves."

(To be continued.)

HOUSES AND SHIPS OF OSSIAN.

To the Editor of the Literary Journal.

SIR,—It has caught my eye, that Mr. Campbell has addressed a letter to several daily papers, combating some of the remarks made on his "*Ossian*" in the Literary Journal*. Mr. C. takes no notice of those difficulties which the critic in your paper has mentioned as standing, in some small degree, in the way of his essential theory; but confines himself to a reply to what was said of his incidental observation on the ancient state of architecture in these islands, and with which the critic has connected the ancient state of civilization and the arts in general:—"He," [the critic] says Mr. C., "goes on to ask, on the authority of Mr. Macpherson's translation of *Ossian*—'Where were the ships, pillars, halls, &c. of the mighty Fingal?' which my remark would render nonentities. Let us briefly glance at what *Cæsar* has written on the subject, on his first landing among our forefathers:—'The country was very populous, and the houses differed little in construction from those of the Gauls†.' Strabo more explicitly adds:—'The walls of the houses were constructed of boards or of hurdles, the latter of which were plastered over with different sorts of clay, of various colours, red, blue, yellow, and white, which made a splendid appearance, where distance prevented the meanness of the materials from offending the eye‡.' 'They were of a circular form; the roof rose in a kind of cone to a great height, and was covered with straw§.' 'In the centre of these halls, which were of great size, there was supported, on four pillars of wood, a kind of wattled funnel (such were the pillars in the halls of the mighty Fingal, no doubt), which, being plastered with clay, served the purpose of a chimney, and carried the smoke through the conical point of the roof. This tube, which was very wide below, served in part to light the halls! The sleeping apartments, which were divided from the great hall by partitions of planks, or of hurdles plastered with mortar, were lighted with small apertures, which served the purpose of windows||.' "Mo-

tives of safety from sudden incursions would certainly have suggested, to the more polished Britons of the South, the idea of building with brick and stone, even before the Romans introduced both among them with their governments and arts! The inferior sort of people, as they do to this day, in the mountains of Scotland, and many parts of Ireland, lived in mean huts*. The walls of these huts were of sand, and their roofs covered with a kind of light turf, which frequently stood out for twenty years against the injuries of the weather. This rustic kind of architecture remained in Italy in the days of Virgil†; for the clowns or boors of Mantua and Cremona lived in the turf cabins of their Celtic ancestors, at a time when Augustus boasted of having converted the brick edifices of Rome into marble ones‡!"

Mr. C. supposes that the palace of Temora, the ruins of which he thinks he has discovered at Connor, was the first stone and lime building in Ireland. This supposition I regard (and so, perhaps, will the critic in your Journal) as entirely gratuitous. As to the circular houses, with walls of sand, I must take leave to say, that walls of sand are still worse than foundations of sand, and have a near affinity to ropes of sand. The "walls of sand" I suppose to refer to a composition, cement, or stucco, of which sand was the basis; such a composition is well known on the Continent, by the name of *pisé*, and is, no doubt, of ancient invention. But that those circular houses of the Celts were also, in stony countries, built of stone and lime, I have little hesitation in believing, especially on the authority of some very recent discoveries in Spain and in the Orkneys. As to the pillars of "wood, plastered with clay," which supported "a kind of wattled funnel," which served at once for window and chimney; if these were really the "pillars in the hall of the mighty Fingal," then *Ossian* paid but a poor compliment to the lady whose arms he compared with them§! Further, the palaces or castles of the chiefs had more than one hall. The cabins described by the author cited by Mr. C., very closely resemble, in their ordonnance, the wigwams of the Indians of America, and were, we may easily believe, the usual dwellings of the common people. Beside, Mr. C., in this place, inadvertently abandons his own ground. He is not at issue with "the critic" concerning buildings of the age of *Ossian* or of *Fingal*, but simply concerning those of these islands anterior to the coming of the Romans. If Mr. C. supposes his description to apply to the "halls of Fingal," what would be his own description of the palace of the Connors? What kind of building does Mr. C. imagine Temora to have been? But Mr. Macpherson tells us that all the houses of

* No. 26, p. 339.

† *Cæsar*, lib. v.

‡ *Strabo*, lib. iv.

§ *Tacit. Germ.*

|| *Cæsar*, lib. v.

* *Dion. Cass.*, lib. xxix.

† *Conquestum cespite culmen*. *Virgil*, *Ec.* 1.

‡ *Macpherson*, the critic's favourite authority!

§ *Literary Journal*, No. 26, p. 404.

Fingal were of stone, save one, (Literary Journal, No. 26, p. 404,) and Mr. C. himself (Lit. Journal, p. 404,) seems disposed to refer, not only the ruins at Connor, but four other ancient castles to the same age. How, indeed, can the "Tura" of Ossian have been other than a building of stone? And why, then, should Mr. C. doubt the existence of such a building for the residence of Fingal? I repeat it, this is a new question, needlessly raised by Mr. C.; for the whole original question was, whether or not building of stone and lime may have been practised in the British islands even long before the age of Ossian, and long before the coming of the Romans!

As to the buildings of wood, I must be permitted to doubt whether they were of "boards." They were, as I apprehend, of logs; that is, trunks of trees, either round or squared. Such houses are built in all forest-countries, and such a house was that of Crothar, mentioned in the second book of Temora:—"Crothar, begun the bard, first dwelt at Atha's mossy stream. A thousand oaks from the mountains formed his echoing hall.*"

On the whole, I suspect, that from ages more remote than any of which our history speaks, the Britons had, at one and the same time, three classes of materials for their buildings, severally bestowed on them by nature, on different surfaces of country. In forests, logs; among mountains, stone and lime; and, on the banks of rivers, wattles and sand, which they wrought into cement; materials, these last, which correspond with our modern lath and plaster. "In Caledonia," says Mr. M'Pherson, "they began very early to build with stone." Now, the rationale is, that in Caledonia they had much stone, and, comparatively, little wood, (with abundance of uses for it,) provided for them by nature. In the plain country, they used wattles, &c.

Mr. C. comes next to their ships:—"The navigation of the ancient British nations," according to the quotation of Mr. C., "was despicable. They, however, ventured into the ocean in small-craft, of rude construction, which they managed with great dexterity†. The keels and kelsons of their long boats or shallops, for their vessels deserved not the name of ships (so much for the critic and Mr. M'Pherson) were formed of slight materials: the hull was made of

wicker, covered with raw hides*. Each end of the vessel terminated in a sharp beak, and it was rowed indifferently either way. They used oars for the most part, though they were not acquainted [unacquainted, we must presume] with the sail, and they skimmed along the water with amazing facility and expedition†. Now, it is, possibly, not very important of what materials the sea-vessels of the British nations were composed. The simplicity of the material is often but an imperfect guide to our conception of the machine or the manufacture produced from it. The Britons had the use of sails; and I am disposed to think the more respectfully of the hulls of their vessels, (though these were not seventy-fours,) because, when Fingal went to fight in Ireland, he doubtlessly carried with him the *matériel* as well as the *morale* of his army; and, among these, horses, chariots, &c. In short, he had his transports, like modern leaders; and hence, in part, the occasion for "a thousand ships," &c. Recurring, for a moment, to the question of "materials," a citation from one of the "less ancient bards," might, (if it could be relied on,) suggest a greater diversity than that produced by Mr. C.:—"Who first sent the black ship through ocean, like a whale through the bursting of foam? Look, from thy darkness, on Cronath, Ossian of the harps of old! Send thy light on the blue-rolling waters, that I may behold the king. I see him dark in his own *shell of oak*. Sea-tossed lantern; thy soul is strong; it is careless as the wind of thy sails; as the wave that rolls by thy side."—Temora, b. vii, note.

But I am chiefly concerned at observing, that Mr. C. thinks himself called upon "to convince the critic of 'Ossian' that it [that work] is not to be despised because its author has ventured to dissent from the titles of pillars and halls used by Mr. Macpherson in his elegant translation." Nothing, I think, that resembles *despising*, is to be found in the language of the critic. The question now discussed is one purely incidental, and in no wise affecting the principal question, with respect to the "critic's" treatment of which Mr. C. has certainly no reason to be dissatisfied. The difficulties in the way of that principal question, which, as I have mentioned above, "the critic" has nevertheless suggested, much more strictly call for removal. I am, &c. AN OBSERVER.

P. S. I perceive that Mr. M'Pherson is expressly at variance with Mr. C. upon the translation of the Galic word "*moi*," which forms a part of the compound "*Moi-lena*." "*Moi*," says Mr. C., signifies a "hill;" "*moi*," says Mr. M'Pherson, signifies a "plain," or low country. The Romans distinguished the inhabitants of the country in the neighbourhood of Agricola's wall, (the Scottish Lowlands,) by the name of *Maia-tæ*. "*Maia-tæ*," says Mr. M'P., "is derived from two Galic words, '*moi*,' a plain, and '*aitich*,' inha-

bitants;" so that the signification of *Maia-tæ* is, 'the inhabitants of the plain country;' a name given to the Britons who were settled in the Lowlands, in contradistinction to the Caledonians, (i. e. *Cael-don*, 'Gauls of the hills,') who were possessed of the more mountainous division of North Britain."

WINTER THEATRES.

To the Editor of the Literary Journal.

SIR,—In perusing the very able letter upon the subject of the Winter Theatres, which appeared in the Literary Journal of September the 5th, I felt that self-satisfaction which every individual naturally experiences when he meets with sentiments and opinions consonant to his own. That letter, which appears to have come from the pen of some gentleman connected with the stage, conclusively proves, in my humble judgment, that the overgrown size of those theatres is the true cause of their decline, and of the consequent depravation of the public taste with regard to dramatic exhibitions.

When I attend to the conversation of my neighbours in the pit, the first question, when any actor comes upon the stage is, not what character he represents in the drama, but what name and reputation he bears off the boards. We hear on all sides, "this is Miss O'Neil, that is Mr. Young;" but what hero or heroine they personate for that evening, appears, with the majority of the audience, as a matter of no consequence, and the relationship they stand in to the other characters in the drama, a subject hardly worth inquiry. Instead of enlightened conversation upon the merits and demerits of the play, or remarks upon the truth and consistency of the various characters that Shakspeare drew, not a few persons appear to have stored their brain with a quantity of trash about the private achievements of the actors and actresses; how they look off the stage, who are their parents and what trade they are of, together with a quantity of *tittle tattle* about the immaculate purity of an O'Neil, the intrigues of a Braham, and such like matter, of no kind of importance, tending to make these nocturnal kings and queens imagine they are of as much consequence by day as by night, leading them totally to forget, that their predecessors were deemed the scum of society, and unworthy of Christian burial. Doubtless, this was barbarous ignorance, but those appear to be running into the contrary extreme, who will not limit the applause or censure they bestow upon them to their conduct when within the walls of the theatre, and who exercise a superintendence over their conduct in private life.

Leaving those more immediately concerned to lament the ill success which the proprietors of the theatres, and Drury Lane in particular, have experienced in their pecuniary speculations, it behoves the public at large to deplore the honour we have lost since the age of Goldsmith, and to bewail the degenerate state of dramatic literature in this island. If, on the

* From this, though brief, whole description, it will be confessed, that the dwelling of Crothar must have had a prodigious resemblance to the *wigwams* described by Mr. Campbell! but which last, in all seriousness, I do believe, with the critic in the Literary Journal, were the real dwellings of the *common people*. The subjoined passage, it will equally be allowed, strongly corroborates Mr. C.'s notion of the dwellings of the ancient kings and chiefs of these islands!—"The clang of thy arms was terrible; the host vanished at the sound of thy course. It was then that Dardhula beheld thee, from the top of her mossy tower; from the tower of Selama, where her fathers dwelt"—Dardhula.

† Pliny, lib. vii.

* Caesar, Bel. Civ. lib. i.

† Tacit. Germ.

one hand, we feel our national pride exult when we peruse the prejudiced and envious remarks of Voltaire upon the tragedies of our immortal bard, so ought we, on the other, to hang down our heads when we consider, that almost the only play which has been sanctioned by public approbation, and passed the fiery ordeal, for many seasons, has been the *Green Man*, a comedy translated, borrowed, stolen from our rivals the French. If we pride ourselves upon our military and naval heroes, on a Nelson or a Wellington; upon our men of science, a Clarke or a Davy; upon our poets, a Byron or a Campbell; so ought we to feel insufferable mortification, when we reflect upon what a *ragg-muffin crew* the dramatic writers of the present times are become! They have lost that public patronage which actors have gained, and they are now the sport or butt of the manager. The theatres of the town have of late been so inundated with bad plays, that it is now deemed a favour done, on the part of the manager towards the author, to get up his play; instead of the obligation being considered as received on the side of the manager, who is furnished with the materials for his own profit and for the entertainment of the public.

I am far, however, from wishing dramatists to sink in supine indifference, or for the stage to be confined to the exhibition of standard plays. I am desirous that those who are competent to the task should endeavour to ascertain the causes which have led to the ill success of new plays, and my conviction of the importance of the subject leads me, however unfit, to point out a few of the leading and most prominent ones.

In the first place, a vile custom has of late become common, of writing whole plays for certain actors, instead of copying from nature in the first instance. An author has only to view the society in which he is placed, whatever that society be, (for the low as well as the high have been always esteemed equally worthy of dramatic representation,) and to form his comedy from real life. Let him never give a thought what actors and actresses may hereafter represent his piece, but form his plot and his dialogue regarding only his dialogue and stage effect. To distort a play for the sake of the grimaces of a Matthews, or to introduce a new character in order to exhibit Liston's ludicrous phiz, is as absurd as if a man, when he finds a suit of clothes too little for him, were to sweat himself down to the proper size, like a jockey, instead of sending the clothes to the tailor to be altered to suit his measure. The persons of actors and actresses are worthy only of the consideration of the tailor and dressmaker, and totally beneath the notice of an author. To frame new dramas from performances already on the stage is receding each time more and more from truth and reality. Like a portrait or a landscape which was, in the first instance, an exact representation of an individual or a prospect, but which, after it has been copied by half a

dozen misses in a boarding school, becomes so unlike the original view that no person could possibly recognize it; so, unless an author, from time to time, review his piece, and compares it with nature herself, he never can produce a play that shall outlive a first representation.

The second thing that shackles an author, in writing a play, is the excessive punctiliousness and nicety which leads the audience to be so excessively severe upon all *double-entendres*, loose expressions, and indelicate phrases, when they creep into new plays, while they overlook indecency of the most flagrant kind in old plays. If an author fall into this error, woe betide him. I trust I shall not here be misunderstood, and that it will not be imagined, that I wish to defend immorality in any shape. But if the general tenor of the play be good, and the moral tendency unobjectionable, I submit that a passable production should not be unmercifully damned for one or two unguarded sentences. There is a line beyond which an author ought not to go, but the bounds are not well defined; and if he be over cautious not to transgress, he will fall into stupidity and dullness:—

"A frozen style, that neither ebbs nor flows,
Instead of pleasing, makes us gape and dose;
Such tedious writings are esteemed by none,
Which tire us humming one dull heavy tone."

An author is like an individual in company; he can never be entertaining unless he be at ease, and if he be kept in constant fear of giving offence in this particular, he never can write with spirit. The same lenity should be shown to him which the fair are pleased to bestow upon great wits, and agreeable fellows, to whom they allow a greater latitude in discourse than to ordinary men. Fielding inveighs bitterly against this hardship, and makes a *city-apprentice* declare, that he and his brethren had conspired to drive away from the stage every thing that was *low* and *vulgar*, and to admit nothing which was not as *genteel* as themselves. Finally, the disapprobation expressed by the audience upon such occasions should be *sufficient*, but not more than *enough*, to impress upon the author the necessity of expunging all objectionable passages upon the second representation.

The third, and most efficient cause of all, which has conduced to the ill success of new comedies, is the little degree of patronage and countenance which all ranks, the nobility and gentry in particular, are pleased to bestow upon dramatic authors, compared to what they did formerly. Whoever takes the trouble to read the Spectator, will find, that in the days of Addison, it formed as common a subject of conversation as politics, and it is plain, that it was then the fashion to go to the theatre much more than at present. The public taste and curiosity is now turned into other channels.—Also, I fear, that when we peruse the critical and ingenious letters addressed to the Spectator, by female as well as male writers, it will appear, that the education of both has become more superficial, and that however we may possess a

few able writers of both sexes, that the *belles lettres* are in general less widely diffused.

I confess that I look upon the Literary Journal as a means whereby the dormant taste for literature of this kind may be renewed, and again become general. I will not be guilty of flattery so gross as to compare it with the periodical works of the last century I have before referred to, but in its aim, and object and the plan upon which it is conducted, it approaches nearer to the Spectator than any other publication now existing. It forms a striking contrast to the dull monotony of the daily papers.—Whoever wishes to see how far these ephemeral sheets tend to deprave the public taste, let him consult that admirable poem, written by Crabbe, upon this subject, entitled "The Newspaper."

JOHN BULL.

A WELSH WEDDING.

To the Editor of the Literary Journal.

SIR,—As the later numbers of your valuable Journal contain some very excellent remarks upon the Welsh language, together with the very amusing letters from North Wales, perhaps the following description of a *Welsh Wedding* may be deemed worthy of insertion; from whence I copied it I cannot, at present, recollect, as I have omitted to note the author's name.

Your's, &c.

R—s T—s.

10th August, 1818.

[The weddings of the Welsh are usually attended by all the neighbours, sometimes to the number of thirty or upwards. After the ceremony, the day is dedicated to festivity, and is chiefly spent in singing and drinking. At a wedding, in the little church of Llanberis, I observed in the church as many as twenty or five-and-twenty attendants. A collection is made, on their return to the house, to defray the expenses of the occasion, to which, of course, every one contributes. A good idea of the rest of the business may be collected from a pleasant account of a wedding-feast in Cwm-y-Clo, near Llanberis.]

A FIRE of peats, which, sufficiently dried,
Was spread on the hearth, and at least four feet
wide;
O'er this fire took their station, six kettles, or
more,
Which promis'd a feast, when they open'd their
store;
And round this flat furnace, to keep them
quite hot,
Were plac'd twelve more vessels, which held,
—God knows what.
Four cooks, in short bed-gowns, attend by de-
sire,
Like witches in *Macheth*, to stir up the fire.
Forty trenchers, with dull knives, and forks
made no brighter,
Were spread on some napkins, which once had
been whiter,
Supported by planks, forty feet long, or more,
Completely were rais'd on the grass out of
door.

But here we are bound the word *table* to offer,
That our verses' great dignity never may suffer:
The table prepar'd, and the cooking completed,
'Twas perfectly needful the guests should be seated:
Loose boards were erected on stones, with great art;
But proving too hard for a certain broad part,
A number of cushions were instantly made,
But not with a needle—no, formed with a spade,
The finest of ling, root and branch, from the common,
Par'd off, prov'd a cushion for man, and for woman.

Now folks, male and female, came in by whole dozens,
Of neighbours, acquaintance, of friends, and of cousins.

It excited surprise, from a region of rocks,
That orderly people should issue by flocks.
Black stockings, blue cloaks, and men's hats all admire,
Which appear'd to be every female's attire*.

While many a longing eye glanc'd at the board,
The word *dinner* sounded—acceptable word!
Five butts of boil'd beef, of a gigantic size,
On the board took their station, with joy and surprise;
On these close attended, as guards rang'd for pleasure,
As many mash'd peas as would heap a strike-measure;
With cabbage a pyramid, much like a steeple,
All these were surrounded with—thirty-eight people.

The moment arriving when dinner was o'er,
The places were taken by thirty-eight more;—
And then a third set, nearly equal to these,
Sat down to the cabbage, the beef, and the peas;
Besides about fifty remaining behind,
Who stuck to the tankard, for none of them din'd.

And now an old dish open'd wide at each sinner,
As if it would say—"Pay a shilling for dinner."

Eight strike of brown malt, which Caernarvon had seen,
And cost the bride's father two pounds and ourteen,
Was brew'd into drink that would make one man mad,
But, given a second, would make his heart glad.

Each quart brought back sixpence, and that pretty soon;
This *cot* was a public-house that afternoon.

* "The dress of the Welsh women is exactly similar throughout the principality, and consists of these particulars:—a petticoat of flannel, the manufacture of the country, either blue or striped; a kind of bed-gown with loose sleeves, of the same stuff, but generally of a brown colour; a broad handkerchief over the neck and shoulders; a neat mob cap, and a *man's beaver hat*. In dirty, or cold weather, the person is wrapped in a long *blue cloak*, which descends below the knee."—Warner's *Walk through Wales*, in 1797.

The glass going round—no—the mug I should say,
The lads and the lasses began to look gay,
To smile on each other, to toy and to joke—
I was an observer, but not a word spoke.

The *Bard*, in a rapture, his harp handled soon,
And twang'd with his fingers to try if in tune;
The people selected, and pairing began,
Each lass was indulged with the choice of her man;
Than *Amazons*, more than like fairies, were seen,
Full thirty gay couple to dance on the green
Joy held his firm station till morning was come,
When each swain had the pleasure to lead his nymph home.

GALLERY OF MANUFACTURES, &c.

To the Editor of the Literary Journal.

SIR,—The public is certainly infinitely indebted to the gentleman, who, as described in the 26th Number of your Journal, proposes the establishment of a National Gallery of Manufactures and Machinery. No doubt you are aware that such a repository already exists in Paris. It is an immense collection of machines and models and is constantly open to the inspection of the public. That Conservatory presents a splendid accumulation of those instruments by the assistance of which men may nourish, clothe, lodge, and defend themselves. The machines which Pajot D'Ozembray gave to the ancient Academy of Sciences, and those which were added to them by that learned body, as well as the greater part of the beautiful models which composed the Gallery of Mechanical Arts, belonging to the late Duke of Orleans, are now collected in the Conservatory.

Besides these, there are above five hundred machines, bequeathed to the King, in the year 1783, by the celebrated Vaucanson, to whom the French nation is as much indebted as to Olivier de Senes, and Bernard Pelizy, the father of French agriculture and chemistry. The collection of Vaucanson comprises many ingenious machines for the preparation of threading materials, for carding and spinning cotton, twisting silk, and all kinds of weaving; shuttles for ribbands and lace, instruments for knitting, for stuffs of different colours, and for fabricating, at the same time, several pieces in the same loom. These models have already multiplied the number of cotton-spinners. One of these machines, which Vaucanson invented out of pique against the Lyonesse, is remarkable for its singularity. An ass, by turning a capstan, set in motion the shuttles and every part of the loom, and manufactured a drugget with flowers, a pattern of which has been preserved. Here are also the tools which Vaucanson used in the construction of his machines. The one employed for making iron chains is so simple, that a workman, in less than half an hour, may begin to use it.

By such inventions I need not say the strength of man is increased an hundred fold. In addition to these collections,

there are prodigious numbers of machines used in agricultural labour, such as draining, irrigation, &c.; also, the very ingenious machines by which paper-money has been manufactured; and very much indeed it is to be wished that certain *high and mighty directors in the city* would take the trouble of viewing them, and thereby endeavour to lessen the number of the melancholy scenes which occur so frequently at the Old Bailey!

Here also may be seen the model of the roof of a gothic church, exhibiting the internal structure; and, above all, the ponderous machine by which the artillery of the French army was carried over the Alps, when every other effort of human skill was ineffectual. I am, sir,

Your obedt. humble servt.
SNAVE.

To the Editor of the Literary Journal.

SIR,—Although I never saw the Anagrammatic Charade, of your intelligent correspondent, Ordovex*, but in the Literary Journal, yet I recollect two lines which will form its answer. I quote them from memory, and therefore do not pledge myself for their accuracy.

Your's &c. X.

Live, vile, and evil, have the self-same letters;
He lives but vile, whom *evil* fatters.

PUNISHMENT OF DEATH, AND PUNISHMENT OF FORGERY.

[We copy from the Asiatic Journal, for October, the following account of the contents of the last number of a most respectable publication, (The Pamphleteer,) because, by so doing, we accomplish the additional object of communicating to our readers the just sentiments of the critic on the pending attempts of various visionary writers concerning the "punishment of death," a subject on which we have long regretted our own want of leisure to express our sentiments. We could quarrel, here and there, with the diction of the language we thus borrow; but there is one admirable sentence which alone might make amends for a hundred faults: it is that in which mention is made of writers who "aim to *reflect* popular opinion, and not to *enlighten* it;" a description that distinguishes at once all that injurious band whose existence is the mark and the scourge of the day in which we live, and who are hurrying us (we believe inevitably, because the remedy *will* not be applied) into all the depths of barbarism.—We must add, however, that were it not for the effects of their infatuation upon the moral sentiments of the community, we should regard their legislative theory as one of the most innocent of all their day-dreams, and one which might be discussed with the most patience and toleration. Experiments in municipal law may commonly be made

* Literary Journal, No. 26.

without any of the more serious evil consequences, and are of the class which Lord Bacon calls "experiments of light;" they instruct us, whether they succeed or do not succeed. These experiments may, therefore, be safely left to the direction of public opinion, and public opinion may be safely and lawfully canvassed on either side. We confess, however, we do not see, with the writer below, that the ravings of Mr. Bentham, or of any persons of his kind, call for any attention from Parliament, except in so far as we trust that some reflecting and well-informed member of one house or the other, will take an opportunity, in the course of the next session, to disabuse the public mind, if possible, by aid of one of those speeches which are so often the only rational political productions which reach the public press.]

THE Pamphleteer, No. xxiv. This number contains nine tracts; the important subjects which they embrace may be said to possess either a national or a universal interest; the principles advocated in some of them we feel an inclination to discuss, had we room. The present number of the Pamphleteer contains:—

1. Some Inquiries respecting the Punishment of Death for Crimes without Violence. By Basil Montague, Esq. This pamphlet is written with much apparent preparation on the side of clemency. The collection which it offers, of arguments by various writers and speakers of eminence, for and against a mitigation by law of the scale of capital punishment, is a good help towards understanding the subject. Facts are stated as well as opinions; and the conclusions intended to be established by the reasonings from the facts are distinctly shewn by a methodical arrangement. The tract fairly exhibits information which may be useful to those writers, reflecting readers, and members of the legislature, who make a stand on the other side of the question, sustaining a part which may be perfectly consistent with benevolence and justice. No person can contemplate the sentence of the law on the crimes which it declares capital without feelings of pain from mingling causes. The appeals to the weak side of public sentiment, uttered by Mr. Bentham and so many concurring philanthropists, demand the immediate attention of the legislature, that the counsels of clemency may be adopted as far as the welfare of society will permit. Meanwhile this hue and cry against the laws, by masters in philosophy, tends to recruit two schools at once, the disciples of philanthropy, and the sons of Belial; for the children of fraud without violence, it creates a diversion, attempts a rescue, offers an asylum. This impeachment of the judicial code has nearly destroyed in those transgressors who assail the citadel of property by mine, and not by storm, the salutary influence of fear. The dismantled frame of society seems to stand without front or roof, like a house repairing. To dispel the terrors of the law cannot pervert those who are alive to the obligations of morality

and religion; but it offers an additional temptation to the distressed, who are also depraved, to adventure into the gulph of felony. Will the genius of experiment be satisfied with any safe reduction in the scale of penalty? The strongest ground, as far as it extends, for revising the scale, is the change in the value of money, since the definitions of several capital felonies were fixed by a pecuniary minimum. This is taking valid ground. With respect to many crimes, however, the tone of appeal, indulged by the school of Bentham, is too passionate on the side of the malefactor, and too cold and unfeeling on the part of society. The distinct foundations of the common law and the statute law seem to be forgotten. Thus, in the case of forgery, the unwritten law cannot be held to assign the severe penalty of death to such an offence, because it draws its maxims from a simple age, when such a mode of depredation could scarcely be thought of, nor, if attempted, could it have put the property of many in hazard. The magnitude of an anti-social offence must depend upon the extent of injury to the community; and the degree of mischief from forgery will be exceedingly different in different ages and countries. It is a superficial view to stop at what has been done *literally*. The common descant of *natural* reason is to dwell first and last upon the harmless character of the manual act, the writing of a name, the temporary assumption of another's autograph, a surreption performed without violence, and not without some skill in an accomplishment rare enough in a dark age to merit the benefit of clergy; such a limited view is excusable in a Calmuck; but the end of this quiet simulation is looked at by the jurist, who can extend his view from a point to a line; the combined effects of forgery are weighed by the legislator, who can trace the radii which connect the centre with the circumference. Forgery is an engine which is most likely to effect fraudulent and ruinous transfers of property, and to shake the pillars of credit, where the frame of society is the most artificial, the proportion of commercial establishments the greatest, the paper securities afloat as a circulating medium, and passing to persons unacquainted with the signatures most considerable in amount. For these reasons, let a legislative enactment declare forgery a capital crime: where is the injustice of it? What crime requires more deliberation in the perpetrator? When the device succeeds, it may be more ruinous to the innocent parties defrauded than a midnight burglary. The person who commits forgery, knowing the positive denunciation of the law, and trusting to the uncertainty of detection and the subsequent chances of escape, must be held to encounter the risk voluntarily, and to assent to the conditions of the law sufficiently to justify the execution of the penalty. There is another thing, too, which seems to escape all the writers belonging to the political sect who repeat the oracles of Mr. Bentham, which is, that the capital punishment inflicted by so many different

chapters of the English law, is *in place* either of slavery, or perpetual labour in the galleys, or incarceration for life, or barbarous mutilations and infamous brandings, or the rack and other shocking engines of torture, which are the prevailing modes of punishment in many parts of the world; nay, some or other of these terrible alternatives await the convicted felon under most of the civil codes in continental Europe. If writers aim to reflect popular opinion, and not to enlighten it, there is no transmigration of manners and laws too great for the ultimate attainment of complaisant philosophy. There is a harmony in absurd opinions when they are the offspring of a system. The same Hindoo, who starts with horror at the execution of a Brahmin for forgery, views with delight and admiration the spectacle of a widow consumed on a burning pile, a living sacrifice to superstition. The school of Bentham adopt the Hindoo's measure of crime, and reject his scale of virtue, yet inconsistently appeal to public opinion!

Each of the other articles in the Pamphleteer demand, for the great importance of the subject, particular remarks; but we have only room to specify the titles.—2. Remarks on a Course of Education, designed to prepare the youthful Mind for a Career of Honour, Patriotism, and Philanthropy. By Thomas Myers, A. M.—3. Observations on Lord Bathurst's Speech, in the House of Peers, relative to Buonaparte's Imprisonment, March 18, 1817.—4. Letters on the English Constitution. By G. Dyer, A. B.—5. On the General Establishment of Register Offices for the Registry of Deeds and Wills, and the Collection of the Ad Valorem Duties on Conveyances and Mortgages; with a View to the Security of Titles and the Protection of Purchasers against False Stamps. (Original.)—6. The Third Organon attempted; or, Elements of Logic and subjective Philosophy. By G. Field, Esq., Author of "Tritogenea," &c. (Original.)—7. To the Editor of the British Review, in Answer to his Remarks on the Pamphlet of the Rev. Wm. Edmeades, respecting the Consequences of commuting the Tithes. By L. Tadman, Esq. (Original.)—8. Observations on the Libels published against Le Vicomte de Chateaubriand. Translated from the French of J. B. M. Lemoine, exclusively for the Pamphleteer. By Sir John Philippart.—9. On the approaching Crisis; or, on the Impracticability and Injustice of resuming Cash Payments at the Bank, in July, 1818. By the Rt. Hon. Sir John Sinclair, Bart.

THE WOMEN OF ENGLAND.

(From the German.)

THE causes which have produced the differences between the manners and customs of the Asiatic and European nations, is a subject for the inquiry of

the philosopher. I regard them as affording two principal classifications. There are nations in Asia whose habits resemble those of the Europeans, and in some countries of Europe customs similar to those of Asia prevail. The manners and customs of the ancient Romans corresponded more with those of the modern Asiatics than the Europeans. In Turkey, the customs of Asia prevail. Among the other European nations, the habits of the Portuguese, Spaniards, Russians, and Hungarians, approximate most closely to those of the Asiatics. Were we to seek for mother-countries or central points, if it may be so called, for manners, we should say that Persia is such for Asia, and France for Europe.

This assertion, which is supported by history, leads us to the proposition, that the chief cause of the difference of manners is to be sought in the different treatment experienced by the women of Asia and Europe. Because the woman in Asia is condemned to play a subordinate part in society, and is doomed to a kind of imprisonment, and as the man exercises full control over her, her influence is extremely limited, and cannot operate, in any remarkable way, on the national character. Even in early ages the customs of Europe were the opposite of all this*.

Among the ancient Germans, women were honoured and respected, they were even admitted to public assemblies, and allowed to deliberate on political affairs. This custom gave birth to the gallantries of the age of chivalry, the most brilliant period of the history of the sex. The Turks must indeed have regarded as singular, the oath made by St. Louis—not to consider as valid the agreement which guaranteed the lives of himself and his companions in arms, until it should be ratified by his queen, whom he had left behind at Damietta. The influence of knight-errantry has even extended to modern times. The Europeans have by degrees adopted those habits and customs which are most agreeable to women. To please them†, the European has renounced the beard which the Asiatic regards as his greatest ornament, and not only forms his person, but likewise his mind, in the way which may be most agreeable to them. On the other hand, the Euro-

pean women resemble the men. Europe is indebted to the fair sex for many of her pre-eminences over the other regions of the world.

Rudeness and despotism prevail where women are kept in a state of complete oppression—effeminacy and cowardice are the characteristics of those nations among whom they enjoy too great an ascendancy*.

In England the spirit of chivalry was never carried to such an extent as on the opposite shores of France; in the former country it consisted merely in superficial appearances. Women never possessed so much power in England as in France. Though the English woman is not, like her sister in Turkey, the slave of her husband; yet she is, more than females in other parts of Europe, excluded from an interference with public affairs, and confined to the occupations which nature has marked out for her—namely, the education of her children and the care of her household affairs.

(To be concluded in our Next.)

Fugitive Poetry.

REAL SORROWS.

"He best can paint them, who has felt them most!"

'Tis not the loud, obstreperous grief,
That rudely clamours for relief;
'Tis not the querulous lament,
In which impatience seeks a vent;
'Tis not the soft pathetic style,
That aims our pity to beguile,
Which can to Truth's keen eye impart
The REAL SORROWS of the heart!
No! 'tis the tear, in secret shed
Upon the starving orphan's head;
The sigh, that will not be repress'd,
Breath'd on the faithful partner's breast;
The bursting heart, the imploring eye
To heaven uprais'd in agony,
With starts of desultory prayer,
While Hope is quenching in Despair;
The throbbing forehead's burning pain,
While frenzy's fiend usurps the brain:
These are the traits no art can borrow,
Of genuine Suffering and Sorrow!

The above has appeared in the New Times newspaper, of the sixth instant, as the production of "Dr. H. L. Halloran, at present confined in the Infirmary, Newgate, on conviction of having defrauded the Post Office revenue of ten-pence, by counterfeiting a frank," and with the date of "October 5, 1818." We hope the Editor has not been made the dupe of a new fraud, addressed, this time, to matters of literature. The poem may be Mr. Halloran's; but this, at least, is certain, that it was printed in all the newspapers two years ago. Great pains is taken to impress the public with the fact, that this "poet,"

* This is another dream, and in contradiction to all history.—Ed.

if we are so to call him, is now suffering only "on conviction of having defrauded the Post Office revenue of tenpence;" but we must remember, that the same person is equally charged with a catalogue of frauds and impostures of the gravest, most mischievous, and most revolting kind. All this may be untrue, and he may be innocent of every offence. On the other hand, nothing is more common than for a rogue to be guilty of a multitude of heinous crimes, while he can be brought to legal account only for some very minor item in the list. The public interests demand that the Post Office revenue should be protected, and the only question is, whether there is any great reason to lament that Mr. Halloran has become a victim to the law established for that purpose? If "tenpence" is all that Mr. Halloran has defrauded the revenue of, and if his character is not, in other respects, singularly defective, then the plea, "that this is the first conviction under the statute," may be entitled to attention.

"MEANS OF IMPROVING THE PEOPLE."

THE article, under this head, in the Quarterly Review, to the evil tendency of which we directed the attention of our readers in our preceding Number, is now generally understood to come from the pen of Mr. Southey. Our discovery of this circumstance has not at all tended to shake our confidence in the justice of the sentence which we lately pronounced upon it: and we now repeat, that it is "Utopian, fanatic, and revolutionary." Of the writer, there is, we fear, but too much foundation for the remarks of the Morning Chronicle, this week:—"There are many marks by which Mr. Southey may always be easily known. One of these is, that in every thing he writes, there is a total absence of thinking, of any thing like principle to guide him through the mass of details, derived from all sorts of sources, by which, though often valuable in themselves, he only contrives to confuse and perplex himself and oppress his readers. The strongest head feels giddy after the perusal of half a dozen of his pages. It is not astonishing that a man of this stamp should, in the course of his life, adopt the most opposite opinions, and display in favour of each that violence which is so characteristic of mental weakness. He is an empiric, in the genuine sense of the word; and he is as confident in the infallibility of his panaceas, or those of his brother empyrics which he adopts, as any nostrum-monger of them all. Mr. Southey was as ardent an admirer of Mr. Owen's plans as Mr. Owen could be himself. Of course, people of the same description admire Mr. Southey; and the Editor of a morning paper [the New Times, we presume,] thinks Mr. Southey one of the wisest authors now living!"

Mr. Southey, though guided now by a spirit somewhat different, at its first aspect, than that which prompted his "Wat Tyler," is still, we are apprehensive, the same shallow philosopher as before. That Mr.

* There is room for considerable doubt as to the accuracy of these and similar assertions, so often repeated. The privacy of female life, in Asia, has, doubtless, a remarkable effect on society in manners; but the absence of female influence, in the same region, seems to be no better than a fable.—Ed.

† This too may be doubted.—Ed.

Southey's new pamphlet should be extolled by the *New Times*, and by other presses, where every number of the *Quarterly Review* is servilely held up to public admiration, is not extraordinary. The misery of our domestic political situation is, that we are equally beset on all sides—by *saints*, as well as by sinners—by “blue spirits and white”—by Jacobins of all colours—for your solemn Jacobins are not less really Jacobins than the rest, and by far the more dangerous of the two. Scoffers and blackguards have, after all, but little power and few followers. The great mass of mankind are ignorant but well-meaning, and most liable to be misled by those of their own class. We should never forget the fable of the Lark and her Young Ones. The danger is not from those, who, to their projects of revolution, add every personal immorality; but when honest men and grey beards put their hands to the sickle, then is the hour of alarm. We are talking, at present, somewhat in parables, but we shall hereafter speak more plainly on the subject.

The *Morning Chronicle* mingles its reproaches of Mr. Southey with arguments in support of Mr. Southey's views (the fashionable views) of the Poor Laws, and an attack upon the constitution of the Established Church, on which last subject, it shows, as usual, its profound ignorance, both of the principles of the British constitution, and of the principles of civil polity in general. But the *Morning Chronicle* is not so effective an enemy to the Established Church as are Mr. Southey and the *New Times*, however opposite their respective intentions. For ourselves, we wish no alteration in the constitution of the Established Church, and with respect to the Poor Laws, we adhere to that side of the question which the *Morning Chronicle*, the *New Times*, and Mr. Southey, unite to oppose.

LIBEL FROM THE BENCH.

“At the late Carnarvon Sessions, J. Jones, a drover, was tried for uttering forged notes, and notwithstanding thirty-one witnesses established the charge, and Mr. Glover, inspector to the Bank of England, traced thirty-nine notes to have been paid by the prisoner, to different individuals, in purchasing cattle, the Jury returned a verdict of—‘Not Guilty.’ Next day, the same prisoner was indicted for having forged notes in his possession, and the Jury again returned a verdict of—‘Not Guilty.’ Chief Baron Richards* then said, “Prisoner, you have been tried for a very great offence, but the Jury, both yesterday and to-day, thought proper to bring in a verdict of Not Guilty. Such a verdict, after such a mass of evidence, must be extremely prejudicial to the public interest; and, for my own part, I cannot conceive how they can answer it to their

consciences! *That you are guilty is as clear as two and two make four.* However, if your conduct, in future, prove honest, it may be considered a fortunate circumstance; but should you ever appear at that bar, I hope you will never meet a Jury so unjust.”

Such is the statement in the newspapers; and, if true, what is more clear than that Chief Baron Richards is guilty of a libel—of defamation—for which he is amenable to the laws? Such an offence may be committed upon the bench, as well as elsewhere, and His Majesty's Judges are invested with no privilege to defame any of His Majesty's subjects. That the truth of a libel is no apology for its utterance, is the great, glorious, and constitutional maxim of our law; and, therefore, no man can have a right to say of another that he is an utterer of forged notes, except for the purposes of judicial investigation. But if the “falsehood” of a libel is the essence of its culpability, what libel, in the eye of the law, can be more false, than that which is uttered in defiance of an acquittal of “God and the country?” Who, in the eye of the law, can stand so pure, as to a particular charge, as the man who has just received a verdict of acquittal of that charge? And what is the end of public justice, and where is accusation to stop, and to what purpose are Juries impanelled, and an accused person required to put himself on his trial, if any one (Judge or other) shall dare, after an acquittal, to say that the accused person is guilty? We well know, that the verdicts of Juries cannot always be morally true, but they are always legal truths, and the laws must always receive them as such.

And, then, as to the consciences of Juries, who shall dare to impugn those consciences? Who shall dare to impugn the decision of “God and the country?” There were *thirty-one* witnesses, (we are told,) and *thirty-nine* notes. Admirable proofs of guilt! But a jury is to decide, not by greatness of an offence, nor by the number of witnesses; but its private and inward belief of witnesses; and it owes no account of its conscience to a Judge. How, then, did an English Judge dare to vilify a Jury for *any* verdict which it might think proper to pronounce? That Juries may forswear themselves, that they may decide in face of law and fact, we are all satisfied; but the constitution gives them the power to do so, and has not placed the right of censure in the bench!

In these days of ignorant zeal concerning political liberty, and ignorant indifference to matters of civil liberty, all that we can say upon the present subject will be lightly regarded; but, for ourselves, we will add, that while no consideration should have tempted us to place our names on the filthy list of Mr. Hone's subscribers, (and we say this without coinciding in Lord Ellenborough's view of that man's offences) yet, if the question were now to bring to justice a Judge who should libel an acquitted prisoner, or traduce an acquitting Jury, no aid of ours should be withheld.

ETYMOLOGICAL NOVELTIES.

Newgate.—The principal prison in London. Its name originated in a quaint remark upon young offenders, who, under the incumbrance of fetters, are observed to have a “new gait.”

Army.—A corruption of *Ah me!* an engine of ambition, the woeful effects of which, from the first time they appeared on the plains of Hebron to the present day, have caused fatherless children, and childless fathers and mothers, sisters, and brothers, lovers and friends, to bedew their pillows with tears, and often sigh *Ah me!*

Mendicant.—Why do you not go to work! Alas, your honour, work I can get none, to go to goal I am very loth, and *mend I cant*.

Extravagance.—Originally *extra vagants*, from its adding so much to the community of beggars.

LITERATURE.

Stuart Papers.—An extraordinary discovery of curiosities, literary, political, and historical, was made, a short time since, at Rome, by Dr. Watson, author of the *Lives of Fletcher and Gordon*. This gentleman went to Italy to search for any manuscripts or reliques of the House of Stuart, and, after much trouble, he discovered that the executor of the executor of the Cardinal de York, was in possession of a vast collection of papers, on which he placed so little value, that he suffered them to remain in a garret exposed to the rain. These papers Dr. W. purchased, and found that they consisted of nearly *four hundred thousand* separate articles; of which above *two hundred and fifty thousand* were possessed of various degrees of interest. Among these, were nearly a hundred original letters of Fenelon, many letters of Bolingbroke, Pope, Swift, Atterbury, and other English writers; and a series of letters continued through a period of nearly a century, of every potentate in Europe, and of most of the English nobility. The contents of many of these documents were of the most extraordinary character, developing the plans which were adopted, at different times, for the restoration of the Stuarts, and the names of the partizans in Great Britain and abroad. Of course, the contents excited much interest in Rome, and the Papal government took the alarm, in regard to the exposure of its own projects and policy, in consequence of which, Dr. W. was sent for by the Papal Secretary of State, put under arrest, and forcible possession taken of the whole of the papers, which have since been sent to the Prince Regent, and are now in Carlton House. Dr. W., who, on his release, set out for England to reclaim them, has since obtained some recompense, and a commission has been appointed to investigate his further claims. Cardinal Gonsalvi, after advancing several arguments which admitted of reply, finally

* By an unfortunate mistake, in alluding to this transaction in our last Number, the name of “Chief Justice Best” was substituted for that of “Chief Baron Richards.”

and conclusively observed, "C'est un coup d'état;" "It is an affair of state;" and such it doubtlessly was. The possession of the papers by any British subject, for the purpose of publication or otherwise, would have been attended with many evil consequences, since they understood, (like Sir John Dalrymple's papers,) to implicate the memory of the ancestors of many families in this kingdom. The act of the Pope, in the mean time, was one which only an arbitrary government could practice. It was a forcible seizure of private property.

Poems of Ossian.—It is said, that the same gentleman has met with another curiosity, which, to the literary world, will be no less interesting. This was a copy of the Poems of Ossian, in the original Gaelic, which was brought from Scotland by one of the noble families which emigrated after the attempt in 1715. The MS. is therefore anterior to that date; and it contains not only the originals of Macpherson's translation, but many originals, not in Macpherson's edition.

KNOWLEDGE AND SCIENCE.

Sea Serpent.—We intimated, when describing the Sea Serpent, and the figures, with which we accompanied our description, (No. 22, p. 346,) our disbelief that the animal could have "bunches on his back;" and this opinion is supported by the latest accounts, which are thus given in a Boston Paper:—

"Squam River, Aug. 20, 12 o'clock.—After several unsuccessful attempts, we have at length fastened to this strange thing called the Sea Serpent. We struck him fairly, but the harpoon soon drew out. He has not been seen since, and I fear the wound he received will make him more cautious how he approaches these shores. Since my last, yesterday, we have been constantly in pursuit of him by day; he always keeps a proper distance from us, to prevent our striking him. But a few hours since, I thought we were sure of him, for I hove the harpoon into him as fairly as ever a whale was struck; he took from us about twenty fathoms of warp before we could wind the boat, with as much swiftness as a whale. We had but a short ride, when we were all loose from him, to our sore disappointment. R. Rich."

"Gloucester, Aug. 20.—As I thought it would be interesting to you to hear from Capt. Rich, and as he is at some distance, I will give you some particulars of his cruise. On Monday last, he sailed in a large whale boat, and two smaller ones, well manned. My brother commanded one of the boats. Yesterday they met the serpent off Squam, and chased him about seven hours, when they closed with him. He passed directly under the bows of Capt. Rich's boat; he immediately threw the harpoon, which pierced him about two feet; he drew the boat a considerable distance, but went with such velocity, that he broke that part of the boat

through which the rope passed, and drew out the harpoon. I hope they will have another opportunity before they give up the chase. *He has no scales on him, and no bunches on his back, but his skin is smooth, and looks similar to an eel.* In the attack, Capt. Rich had one of his hands wounded."

Ornithology of North America.—We observe that a contemporary publication is giving a critique, *translated from the French*, on a Scotch publication of the "Birds of the United States," by a Mr. Alexander Wilson, a native and weaver of Paisley, who, from political motives, emigrated to the United States at the commencement of the French revolution. The work was reviewed some time since in the Colonial Journal, where may be seen the life of Wilson, including the history of his troubles in the United States, and which may be read as a warning to emigrants. The French criticism is conceived in the usual French theatrical style, but the sober facts may be seen in the Colonial Journal, and in the work itself, of which a few copies are in London. Wilson's genius and industry deserve great praise, and very many of his plates are beautifully executed, while others have only moderate claims. He did not live to finish the work, and the ninth or last volume, for which he left the plates complete, was edited by Mr. Ord, a native of Philadelphia.

The ornithology of North America, like its zoology at large, bears a general resemblance to that of Europe. In both cases, it wants some of the European species, while it possesses some that are not found in Europe. In reference to this particular, however, we must remember that North America stretches much further than Europe toward the south; and it is only with respect to the southern species that it differs from Europe. The zoologies of all countries, under the same parallel, in the same hemisphere, (north or south,) agree, except as far as local causes may have led to the *absence* of some species in particular situations. It is only between the *northern* and *southern* hemispheres that radical differences are to be remarked. See a new theory of the zoology of the globe, printed in the Colonial Journal, under the title of "General Views of the Zoologies of the Northern and Southern Hemispheres."

MONTHLY RETURNS.

WEATHER—MARKETS—BILLS OF MORTALITY. From the 27th of August to the 26th of September last, the highest heat at noon, by Carey's Meteorological Table, appears to have been at 67 deg. on the 1st and 22d; and the weather was fair during the whole month, except rain on three days, showery two days, and stormy on the 20th and 21st.—Wheat, in the four principal inland counties of Middlesex, Herts, Surry, and Bedford, was at 88s. and 83s. per quarter; the average price throughout England and Wales was 81s. 8d.—Flour

at 70s. to 75s. per sack.—Hops have been at 7l. 10s.—Hay at 7l. 17s. 6d. and Straw at 2l. 13s. 6d.—Beef at 4s. to 5s. and Mutton at 4s. 8d. per stone, at Smithfield market.—Newcastle coals at 48s. to 46s. 9d. in the pool, to which metage and cartage are to be added, and the trade is now beginning to be brisk, owing to the many families who lay in their stock for the winter.—Salt has remained steady at 20s. per bushel.—The burials have exceeded the christenings by 62; this alarming difference may be ascribed to many dangerous attacks of disease, which the season has rendered common; we find that one hundred and twelve have died between two and five years, and one hundred and twenty-nine between fifty and sixty years of age.

AGRICULTURE, &c.

MONTHLY REPORT FOR SEPTEMBER.

HARVEST business is winding up in the northern and backward districts. Perhaps former reports may have been too sanguine as to the quantity of the wheat crop; it is yet universally abundant, and the quality, which is superior and unprecedented in any late season, may be calculated upon, comparatively, as one-eighth in respect of quantity. As to other grains and pulse, this is the season of sample, not bulk or quantity; the report from Scotland is confirmed with respect to the superiority of their barley crop, and their other grain and pulse crops are more successful than in the south. They have also a fair crop of potatoes, happily also the case in the islands of Guernsey and Jersey, and in many parts of Ireland, whence this country, in which potatoes have generally failed, may derive the needful supplies. Immense profits will be made on those few spots on which onions have succeeded; the importation from Spain will be considerable. Turnips in the south have generally failed, excepting the benefit of the late showers, which, however, on their commencement, were too cold to promote the speedy vegetation required in a late season. The weather has since improved in mildness. Potatoes are said to be five times the price of last year, and double the price of apples in the present. Talavera or Spanish white wheat has produced, on some lands, upwards of five quarters per acre, of the weight of 60lb. per Winchester bushel, clear of the sack. Cape wheat has failed, requiring to be gradually accustomed to a climate so different from its own. It is the finest and heaviest of white wheat; a cargo of it imported in 1774, being then said to have weighed nearly 70lb. per bushel. Want of water for cattle has been, and still is, in some parts, most distressing. The drought has had a most unfavourable effect upon the plantations of forest trees and young fruit trees; the fences have also suffered much. Cattle have already been foddered in the bare fields, and the keep in the stubbles will so soon be consumed, that the straw-yard must be recurred to very

early this year. The ash trees have been lopped for cattle food, a custom very uncommon in this country. Rye, tares, and stubble turnips, have been generally sown, and will receive great benefit from the present warm showers, which will also put the clay lands in a proper state for the plough. Wools at a stand as to price. Hops, a vast crop, of the finest quality, the supposed maximum of a ton per acre grown this season. If any alteration, cattle and sheep, both store and fat, somewhat cheaper. Store pigs in request, and dear.

FEMALE FASHIONS.

FRENCH.—PROMENADE PARISIAN DRESS.—Cambric muslin dress, trimmed round the border with three rows of muslin medallion puffs; each row separated by a rich embroidery, finished by open hemstitch. Body of the dress made *à-la-jardinière*; the sleeves long, and elegantly trimmed to correspond with the border of the robe. Bonnet of white crape trimmed with blond, with a *bouquet* of purple poppies placed on one side. Bayadere shawl scarf of tartan plaid silk. Murray-coloured kid slippers and parasol, and white silk gloves.

ENGLISH.—AUTUMNAL HALF-DRESS.—Round dress of fine cambric with muslin flounces, richly embroidered with Clarence blue. Clarence bonnet, finished at the edge with a double cordon of blue and white double larkspur blossoms without leaves, and surmounted by a full *bouquet* of blue roses. Clarence spencer, of a fine marine blue, with *mancherons* and lapels of white satin. Castilian *fichu*, with full Spanish ruff. The hair divided on the forehead, and terminating in light curls at the ears, *à l'Enfant*. Boots of white kid leather laced with blue, and terminating at the foot with a blue point; Limerick gloves. A Cashmere shawl of a very light pattern is occasionally thrown over this dress.

EVENING DRESS.—A white lace dress over a white satin slip; the bottom of the skirt is trimmed with a drapery of white lace entwined with pearl, and ornamented with full-blown roses without leaves, which are placed at regular distances; a rouleau of white satin is placed above, and another below this trimming. *Corsage* of pale rose-coloured satin, made tight to the shape, and cut so as to display the bust very much; a row of blond lace is set on plain, so as to fall over the *corsage*. Short full sleeve of rose satin, slashed with white lace, and finished at the bottom by a fall of blond set on plain. Head-dress, a white satin *toque*, made rather high, and ornamented with a bunch of flowers placed at the left side. White satin slippers. White kid gloves. Necklace and ear-rings pearl. Hair arranged in a few light ringlets on each temple. Small ivory fan.

WALKING DRESS.—A round dress of jaconet muslin; the body is made high, without a collar, the back is plain; the front

is formed of alternate strips of rich work and welted muslin; the welts are very small, and there are three in number between every strip of work. A frill of rich work stands up round the throat, and goes down the fronts. Plain long sleeves, rather loose, except at the wrist, where the fullness is drawn-in in welts. The bottom of the skirt is finished by a flounce of work disposed in large plaits; this is surmounted by a row of embroidery and a second flounce of work, over which are three or four welts. The spencer worn with this dress is composed of dark blue *gros de Naples*; it is made tight to the shape, without seem, and richly ornamented with white satin. The collar, which stands up round the throat, is composed of white satin; it is very full, but the fullness is confined by narrow bands of *gros de Naples*; there are four or five; and a small white tassel, which depends from each, falls into the neck. The waist is finished by very small tabs, edged with white satin. Long loose sleeve, ornamented with ribbon at the wrist, and with a puffing of white satin on the shoulder. Head-dress, a *cornette* of white lace, ornamented by bias bands of white satin. The top of the crown is full and rather high; the fullness is confined by a wreath of moss roses, which go round the top of the head. Bonnet of a French shape, composed of white satin, the edge of the brim finished by rouleaux of blue and white plaid silk; a large bow of the same material, and a plume of ostrich feathers, are placed on one side the crown. White gloves, and half-boots, the lower part blue leather, the upper jean. A lemon-coloured shawl, very richly embroidered, is thrown loosely over the shoulders.

The Drama.

COVENT GARDEN THEATRE.—On Wednesday, 30th September, Mr. Farren repeated Lord Ogleby, in the pleasing comedy of the *Clandestine Marriage*. His representation of the vain and enfeebled, yet generous nobleman, though by no means equal to the portrait exhibited by Terry or the late Mr. Lovegrove, was still, in our opinion, a much more successful effort than his Sir Peter Teazle. The prominent parts of the character were given with considerable ability, but there was a want of delicacy in many instances, that detracted greatly from the merit of the whole performance. Mr. Farren was occasionally too childish; for, notwithstanding the inherent debility of Lord Ogleby's constitution, yet the restorative cordials, when once administered, are supposed to create in him an almost second existence, and the speeches he utters savour of any thing but dotage. His compliments are in fact, the height of politeness, and the good breeding of Lord Ogleby should have taught Mr. F. less frequently to indulge in a laugh at his own jokes. We repeat, however, that there was much to commend in Mr. F.'s acting. His manner

of pronouncing the kind-hearted exclamation, that if Sterling turned out his daughter and her husband from his house, they should be received into his, was exceedingly impressive. Lovewell, by C. Kemble, was insipid. The character was certainly below his talents. Abbott made a respectable Sir John Melvil. Canton, in the hands of Farley, was a caricature, but a pleasing one. Mr. Jones's Brush was admirable; and Mr. Fawcett rendered the eccentricities of Sterling more amusing than they usually are by other actors. —Mrs. Davenport's Mrs. Heidelberg, was the best performed of all the female characters. She was exquisitely vulgar. Mrs. C. Kemble, on the contrary, was disgustingly so. Miss Brunton's Fanny was tender and pathetic. Mrs. Gibbs was advertised for the part of Betty, when the play was first announced at Covent Garden, and she ought unquestionably to fill it. Mrs. Sterling has no requisites for the pert chambermaid. The *Sleep Walker*, reduced to one act, followed; and Mr. J. Russell played Mr. Incledon in fine style. The performances concluded with the ridiculous melodrama of the *Two Peters*, which was damned for the fifth time. The audience was numerous.

W. P.

Original Poetry.

THE LAW-STUDENT.

(Written, some years ago, in imitation of Phillips's "Splendid Shilling.")

HAPPY the youth, who, doom'd the laws to scan,
On third or second floor, sublimely pores
O'er pages pregnant with the mystic lore
Of law-inditing sage; or whom his fate
Auspicious tempts to climb the fearful height
Of statutes undigested,—venturous task,—
Yet glorious too! Thus erst (as poets chaunt)
Huge mountains rose, by sons of earth upheav'd,
O'ertopping mountains to the wond'ring skies,
Fabric stupendous! dreadful e'en to Jove.
Whilst, happy thus employed, the student kills
The toilsome hour, no agitating cares
His life perplex; but, steep'd in thought, he
sinks,
Or roams in mazy labyrinths of law,
Or sagely ponders o'er the well profound,
Where lie, deep hidden from unhallow'd ken
And vulgar search, embucketed * below,
Quibbles and quirks, and all the secret springs
Of bliss litigious. Fondly here his eyes
Feast covetous; nor quits he yet the sight,
So charm'd he seems, till halcyon slumbers
roll
His ravish'd brain athwart, leading along
A honied train of ecstasies divine
And joys ineffable. The mistress, too,
Of legal science, fair Confusion, comes,
Washing with floods of Lethe from the soil
Present and past, and with bewild'ring shades
Of dark conjecture clouding scenes to come.
These the delights that wait in certain round
The student's envied life. How vain are those

* See Lord Coke's "Proem" to his Notes upon Lytleton.

The poet idly boasts, with these compar'd!
What sounds melodious of his lyre belov'd
Can so entrance or chain the raptured sense,
As the soul-moving mysteries of Law?

Such transports fill the meditative hours
Of Templar, (as in citadel aloft
He muses solitary,) luring sleep
And sweetest dreams, with learned reveries
Unnumber'd. But more happy far the youth,
Far happier he, whose weighty purse contains
The golden spell! He wants no means to know
The arts mysterious of that sapient tribe,
Draftsmen, to wit, or special pleaders, hight
By mortal men,—but on Olympus known
As guardian wights and oracles of law.
To these the favour'd youth, by Plutus arm'd
With magic wand, gains readiest access:
As once, (so bards have sung,) in days of yore,
All-tuneful Orpheus, with his numbers, bought
Admission unmolested to the realms
Of Stygian night. For glittering gold, we know,
Hath charms, not less than music, to relax
Breasts hard as adamant. But who shall sing
His secret bliss, who, through the silent haunts
Of Elm or Fig-Tree Court, thrice-hallow'd
shades!

His solemn pace extends, musing along
On some yet embryo-pleading, soon, perchance,
In chambers of some special sage to shine
In form mature, emerging from the womb
Of murky fiction: as the noonday sun,
Through clouds o'ershadowing and through
vapours dense,
Darts his full beam, enlight'ning all around!—
As thus the sun, so bursts to light the plea.
Sept. 20th, 1818. ORDOVEX.

HORACE, BOOK 1, ODE 3.

BRIGHT goddess of the Cyprian isle,
Fair Helen's brothers, deign to smile,
Great ruler of the wind and sea,
Oh, guide the vessel swift, and free
From wind, and wave, and rock, and shoal,
That bears the best half of my soul!
Nor quit your charge till safe you land
My Virgil on the Attic strand.

His heart as rugged oak was hard,
And bound in triple brass, who dared
The ruthless ocean first explore;
Nor feared fell Afric's reefy shore,
Where Boreas urges on the fray
Of roaring winds and dashing spray,
Nor yet the raving south to brave
That rules the Adriatic wave!

What death or danger should he fear
Who such tremendous sights can bear,
Huge monsters here of hideous forms,
And fatal rocks, and howling storms?

In vain did God the briny tide,
In wisdom, from the earth divide,
If impious man will still invade
The sacred bounds by nature made;
Man's daring race, to ill inclined,
Nor laws of heaven, nor earth, can bind;
Bold Japhet's son's aspiring aim,
Raised in his race this fatal flame;
The fire he stole from heaven has spread
Dire woes on their devoted head;
Famine and fever, grief and pain,
And cruel death's enlarged domain.
Thus Dædalus the æther tried
On plumed wing to man denied;
And Hercules defied the glare
Of hell, to show what mortals dare!
Still Heaven we tempt, with foolish pride,
Nor suffer Jove to lay his angry bolts aside.
M.

IMPROMPTU

On a very sprightly young Gentleman, who had,
on a sudden, left his gay Companions, to muse
in a Church Yard.

THE best of boys, the best of sons;
A steadier who would crave?
Lo! sick, quite sick, of giddy ones,
He hurries to the grave.

BEPPU.

A LETTER FROM A COUNTRY FARMER

TO HIS FRIENDS IN LONDON.

Dated Gubbins's Farm, Sept. 1818.

COUSINS, I hope this finds ye well—
Quite well, I hope and trust:
How soon, as Parson Red-nose says,
Death crumbles us to dust!

Myself am well in health, thank God!
Yea, grow quite plump and tubish;
But, ah, the flesh hath many sins—
'Tis but a pack o' rubbish!

Having this burning summer o'er,
And gather'd in my cropping,
Says I, "I'll to my friends in town
A line or two be dropping."
"Just axing how they do, and so,
To keep my hand in tune."—
Wouldst think it, cousins?—I am muddled
Paper, sin last June!

Ah! I was once a school-boy, and
Was thought a clever nunny;
But now, for want of practice, I
Can barely spell a "guiney"

Mem. When shall we have gold again,
In payment for our grains?
D'ye know, I like the guineas better
Than your sover-rains?

I do,—I've got a thousand an' em,
Good as ever went;
God bless the king! again God bless him!
That's my sentiment.

O what a summer, dear how hot!
My herbage all was undone;
I never saw the like I'm sure;
As't been as hot in London?

My wheat,—how good it is t' year,
My beans—ah! burnt up—famish'd:
As to my hay, alack a day!
It very much was damag'd.

My oats—yes, I may shake my head,
No profit to the grower;—
Pray, cousins, can ye tell me when
The taxes will be lower?

I wish, with all my heart, they'd take it
In their heads to flit;
Or else that they would be so good
To stoop a little bit.

D'ye know the coachman? him who swears,
And squints, and has but one eye?
Ha, ha! a civil man—he tells
A hundred stories funny.

If thou art frozen stiff with care,
I warrant he can thaw ye:
Meet him to-morrow night at six,
He's got a parcel for you.

Some butter, and some bottles of
Real catsup with some age in't;—
A goose, some eggs—a couple of ducks,
And a cheese with a little sage in't.

The which I hope ye will accept,
They haply may remind ye,
That ye have left at Gubbins' farm
Some loving friends behind ye.

P. S. My daughter likes her dress,
My wife, she loves her tea;
And John, he learns the poet-book,
And so they all agree.

I'm very grateful too, but I
Of feelings make no crack-O;
I wish you'd send me by return,
A pound of shag-tobacco.

P. S. I almost had forgot
To tell you that our parson,
Met with a serus accident,
As he rode out his ass on.

Ha, ha! the crupper pinch'd, and so
Ned threw up's legs behind,
Whiz! o'er his head the parson went,
Up-tossing in the wind,

And lost,—lost what? two goodly things,
As you shall quickly see:
He lost his cauliflower wig,
Eke his philosophy.

What, nothing else? No; nothing else,
So there warnt much the matter;
He mought been kill'd,—we all must go,
The sooner or the later.

P. S. My wife is lame, bless God,
But hope she'll soon be better;
My sow and pigs are passing well,
So's he who writes th's letter.

P. S. Say's I, to my old dame,
"I'll lay sixteen to ten,
That we shall see, ere spring comes round,
Our London friends again;"

And so I hope we shall: till then,
God keep ye from care's drubbings;
And so farewell, God bless you all,
From yours, Matthew Gubbins.

BEPPU.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ALATUS and C. R. shall be inserted.

EPICURUS must excuse us. We never men-
tion "hell to ears polite."

We are unaware of any "continual bitter
complaints," proceeding from ourselves, as
described by "A Constant Purchaser." For
the rest "Indices" is not the English plural
of the English word "Index."

"On the high prices of books," in correction
of a paragraph in No. 27, in our next.

ICTUS will perhaps wait for our next publi-
cation. May we request him to send us the
Law Anecdote he mentions.

A Correspondent suggests, as some small ob-
jection to the accuracy of the Glasgow ac-
count of the Tales of my Landlord, (see Li-
terary Journal, No. 27, p. 426,) that Mr.
Blackwood, the Edinburgh bookseller, is not
the publisher of that work.

We are much in arrear with P. W. as also with
many other valuable Correspondents.

RICHARD will send to our Office.

The expression "a C. F. R." was a mistake of
the press.

J— in our next.

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